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August

# *Leatherneck* 15c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



# A Message to Marines...

## 1917-1946

Since its first appearance as a weekly in 1917, *The Leatherneck*, the Magazine of the Marines, has been bringing to you stories about the people and places that make up the whole, brilliant picture of the Marine Corps, in peace and in war. Now, in postwar 1946, *The Leatherneck*, having grown bigger and better, like the Corps it serves, is still on duty.

### SOME PERTINENT FACTS ABOUT *THE LEATHERNECK*

#### What Is *The Leatherneck*?

For 29 years the Magazine of the Marines has been issued without a lapse in publication. It is edited and published in Washington, D. C., by Marines, about Marines, and for Marines, their families and friends. It is produced under the direction of The Leatherneck Association, a self-supporting, non-profit body organized for that purpose. The Leatherneck Association also edited and published the new Guidebook for Marines, and during World War II distributed more than 1,000,000 copies monthly of pony editions of 23 other popular magazines to troops overseas.

#### Why Is It Published?

*The Leatherneck* strives to present the full story of Marines and their activities wherever they serve, during war and peace. All its articles are designed to be of educational or entertainment value to Marines. Its staff is made up of men who know the Corps and who spare no effort to supply written material and pictures that will be of interest to all its readers.

#### Who Can Get It?

There is no readership restriction on *The Leatherneck's* circulation. It is available to

every Marine, former Marine, and to all civilians who are interested in the activities of the Corps. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Leatherneck Magazine, Circulation Manager, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

#### How Is It Distributed?

*The Leatherneck* is distributed to all Marines everywhere and to their relatives and friends, by subscription. It is entered as second-class mailing matter, with no forwarding guarantee, at the New York and Washington, D. C., post-offices. To avoid loss of copies each subscriber should notify *The Leatherneck* of each change of address as soon as possible. Be sure to give both old and new addresses.

#### Where Is It Obtained?

Single copies are on sale at all Marine Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, and at selected newsstands. A *Leatherneck* circulation representative is stationed at each Marine base or camp. He is authorized to take your subscription, for your convenience.

#### When Does It Appear?

*The Leatherneck's* release date is set for the

first week in the month for which it is dated. Approximately 145,000 subscription copies and 105,000 single copies are mailed on varying dates. The mailing dates are so selected that all readers, wherever they are, may receive their copies at the same time. A certain number of *Leathernecks* are sent each month to overseas units and are distributed, without charge, by Special Services Officers. These overseas copies are given shipping priority in the mailing schedule. Because of the current postwar foreign shipping exigencies, overseas copies sometimes unavoidably arrive late, or in poor condition. To cope with this situation the staff of *The Leatherneck* is constantly attempting to adjust its methods of distribution to these exigencies, so that every reader may enjoy his *Leatherneck*.

#### You Can Help!

You can help *The Leatherneck* accomplish its primary purpose. If you have ever subscribed to *The Leatherneck* and, through change of address, have failed to receive your magazine... or if you are ever on a post where *The Leatherneck* is not readily available each month... or if any of your friends have ever subscribed and failed to receive their copies of *The Leatherneck*, please notify the magazine's Washington office by mail.



## *The Leatherneck*



# In this Issue

## DEPARTMENTS

	PAGE
Sound Off.....	2
We The Marines.....	40
Leatherneck Laffs.....	64
Pin-up.....	73

## ARTICLES

Shanghai Reviewed.....	4
Operation Alcatraz.....	18
Retribution In Ward Road.....	26
The Trumpeter.....	35
Reunion In Frisco.....	36
Billions For Postwar Plans.....	42

## SPORTS

Lyonizing The Chisox.....	13
---------------------------	----

## PICTURE STORIES

Harmony Over An Underwood.....	8
Fuels For The Fires Of China.....	9
Three Little Words.....	16
Hell Driver.....	23
Million Dollar Kidder.....	46

## FICTION

A Hero For Kitty.....	32
-----------------------	----

## SHORTS

Stop Me If.....	17
Gratitude.....	25

## HUMOR

Catastrophe In Old Cathay.....	24
Ills Of Home.....	62

## ENTERTAINMENT

Stand By For Music.....	70
-------------------------	----

### THE LEATHERNECK, AUGUST, 1946 VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 8

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# SOUND OFF

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polets

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wartime Marines returned to civilian life often find they have failed to obtain the mailing addresses of buddies who either have become civilians, too, or have remained in the Corps. To assist everyone in restoring such broken communications, The Leatherneck has decided to set up a section for those who wish to make their present addresses available. These will be carried just as quickly as space permits. Just send them in.

For various reasons, including those of security, The Leatherneck was not permitted during the war to comply with requests by next of kin for help in getting more information about Marines killed or missing in action. Regulations on this were relaxed after VJ-Day and the magazine has since attempted to give all possible service to mothers and others seeking more details from Marines who were with, or were the last to see, a beloved one. However, the volume of this mail is becoming too great to be handled verbatim in Sound Off. A separate section will be devoted to this with all such letters of inquiry cut down to their bare essentials.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## THE FIRST GRIPE

Sirs:

This is the first time I have done any griping for Sound Off, but I just can't see what those guys had to get riled up about under a letter in the May issue captioned "Boot Sound Off." (This was an article in which some men defended the training they got at Parris Island and was in answer to an earlier letter from some Marines in the Pacific who referred to PI as a 'boysville.' — Ed.)

When I went through Parris Island we didn't have time to read a *Leatherneck*, much less send in our personal little weeping chits.

What these boots need is a wee bit of a place just north of where they are now — Tent City, N. C. While there I suggest that they be bivouacked in the old "Dog" Co. Area, Petersburg Point, one of the most desolate places in Tent City.

Bill (EPD) Rice  
Dallas, Tex.

## OLD-FASHIONED SNOW JOBS

Sirs:

In referring to the article, "Love—American Plan," which appeared in the May issue, (a letter in which a Wave stated she preferred a swabbie or Gyrene to any foreigner—Ed.) we are very happy to know that the young lady likes our blunt way of pitching woo.

We are in complete agreement with her as we realize that Frenchmen and Englishmen cannot measure up to the standards set by sailors and Gyrenes.

Presently we have a date out in the Pacific but hope to be back Stateside soon with a good old-fashioned snow job for the girls.

Reilly, USN  
Tock, USMC  
FPO San Francisco, Cal.

## SEA BAG INSPECTION

Sirs:

I left the States with the Fifth Marine Division and returned with the same as a member of the 13th Marines. When we left Hawaii for the last time our sea bags were collected. Later, while in Kyushu, Japan, the keys to locks on these sea bags were also collected, for the purpose of removing any government gear from them.

After I had returned Stateside, and home, I received a notice that a carton of personal belongings would be shipped to me, provided I would send them the authorization I had to keep the souvenirs that were contained in the carton. When I received the box, a lot of personal gear was missing.

I'd like to know if it's according to regulations for anyone to open your sea bag?

C. E. McIntyre  
Newark, N. Y.

● **ALMAR 15, 1946**, directs all COs to cause inspection of personal baggage under adequate officer supervision; this includes both officer and enlisted baggage. The inspection was instituted in an effort to stop the bringing into this country of contraband articles, dangerous weapons and ammo souvenirs, etc.

**ALMAR 21, 1946**, modified No. 15 to the extent that locked baggage would be held until owners were notified so that keys could be sent and baggage opened without forcing the locks.—Ed.



## SOUND OFF (cont.) RELAY UNIFORM CHANGES

Sirs:  
I do not think that the Marine Corps should change the style of our uniform. I grant that it has been changed a lot of times, but this time... The way they want to change it now looks too much like the Army uniform.

A Marine  
Evansville, Ind.

### MARINE WIVES OVERSEAS

Sirs:  
No gripes, only a question!  
After all I've read about the GI's wives and dependents joining their husbands in the ETO, it leads me to wonder what, if anything, is being done along that line for the Marines. Is, or are there any plans in the making for taking Marine wives to Guam, Saipan, China, or even maybe Japan?

I, for one, would not object to pulling a stretch of occupational, or garrison, duty knowing I could have my wife with me.

GySgt. Robert L. Smith  
Cherry Point, N. C.

● There already are Marine wives on Guam, Saipan, and in Hawaii. The number to go, of course, is dependent upon the accommodations available for them. Requests must be approved by the island or area commander, who specifies whether or not accommodations are available.  
—Ed.

### AN "84" QUESTION

Sirs:  
In recent issues I have noticed on several occasions where you have answered a lot of sometimes seemingly stupid questions for people. Now I have a question that will, I am sure, sound just as stupid as many others. While I was in the Marine Corps, and I admit I was still a boot when discharged, I often heard the remark "they open the gates of 84 for people like that." What is 84 and where is it?

John Daymto  
New York City

● The "84" you refer to is the Naval Prison at Mare Island, Cal., which got its name from the building's number. Ask any of the old-timers; they can spin a thousand yarns about "84".  
—Ed.



### LOSE A RING?

Sirs:  
While serving in MAG 61 at Emiraui I found some Marine's high school class ring. I was unable to locate the man at that time, and I still have the ring. Through Sound Off maybe we can find the owner.

The ring has the initials R.W.D. engraved in the band. If the owner of this ring will get in contact with me, I will be happy to return it to him.

John E. Crowden  
Loyall, Ky.

### COMMUTED RATIONS

Sirs:  
Could you give me some information on how much money I should receive from commuted rations?

The situation here is that we have our meals in a civilian cafeteria located on the base. The owner of this cafeteria has a contract with the government which allows him \$1.50 a day to feed each enlisted man.

As the situation now stands I receive 65¢ a day for meals that I do not eat on the base. The meals I do eat, however, are not figured at 65¢ a day, but at \$1.50 a day. Consequently I have to pay the cafeteria owner full price for the meals which I eat on the base. This sometimes comes to over the \$1.50 a day he is allowed.

I always thought that commuted rations were a gain to the enlisted men who are married and living off the base with their wives. But as it is I have to pay out about three times the amount that I receive from my commuted ration money.

Any information you can give me on this subject will be appreciated.

Corp. Edward W. Tamson  
Macon, Ga.

● The regular 65¢ per day is all the money you rate for commuted rations.

In your letter you seem to imply that there is no general mess on the base. If that were the case how could you draw rations from a mess that does not exist?

On the assumption that there is a general mess located on your base, we suggest that you try eating there instead of at the cafeteria. Practically every mess that authorizes commuted rations allows men drawing same to eat whatever meals they have to while on a duty status in the general mess. If this is allowed on your base the small charge you would have to pay the quartermaster would be in keeping with what you draw, and a lot cheaper than the civilian cafeteria.

If the mess officer does not allow this practice in your mess, there is nothing you can do about the cafeteria prices, unless you bring your lunch with you, or give up your commuted rations and eat on the base.

Commuted rations are not, as you say in your letter, a gain to the enlisted married personnel. It is the same ration prescribed for all hands.

You can find any additional information on this subject in MCM 14-104 at the first sergeant's office. — Ed.

(continued on page 49)

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



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Looking up Nanking Road from the Bund. The photo misses nothing but the smells and noises

by Sgt. Lucius F. Johnston  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

# Shanghai

## REVIEWED



**D**URING the lush years between the first and second World Wars, the city of Shanghai sailed under the bright colors: "The Paris of the Orient." The title was neither exaggerated nor undeserved. In fact, there were members of the old Fourth Regiment who would have said things should have been reversed, that the French capital should have been honored to have been called "The Shanghai of Europe." At any rate, China offered the prewar Marine the gayest, fullest, most interesting duty there was to be had.

Some people will maintain that the territory around Shanghai is unhealthy; they will speak of cholera, malaria and other dread diseases, of a distressingly high birth rate. They will say that 1,987,362 people died in China last year. But the reader may be assured that the same year will see the birth

of 1,987,365 replacements. They are like that. When one has commented on the rarity of octuplets, there is little else to be said about birth control in Asia.

In the International Settlement on both sides of Bubbling Well Road with Soochow Creek on the North, the Whangpoo on the East, Frenchtown South, and the Japanese occupied section on the West — in this area, little bits of Omaha, Palestine, and South Wales mixed to form a year-round carnival in garish technicolor and dirt. Whatever Paris may

have had to offer tourists at the time, Shanghai could have gone her one better, and in seven languages.

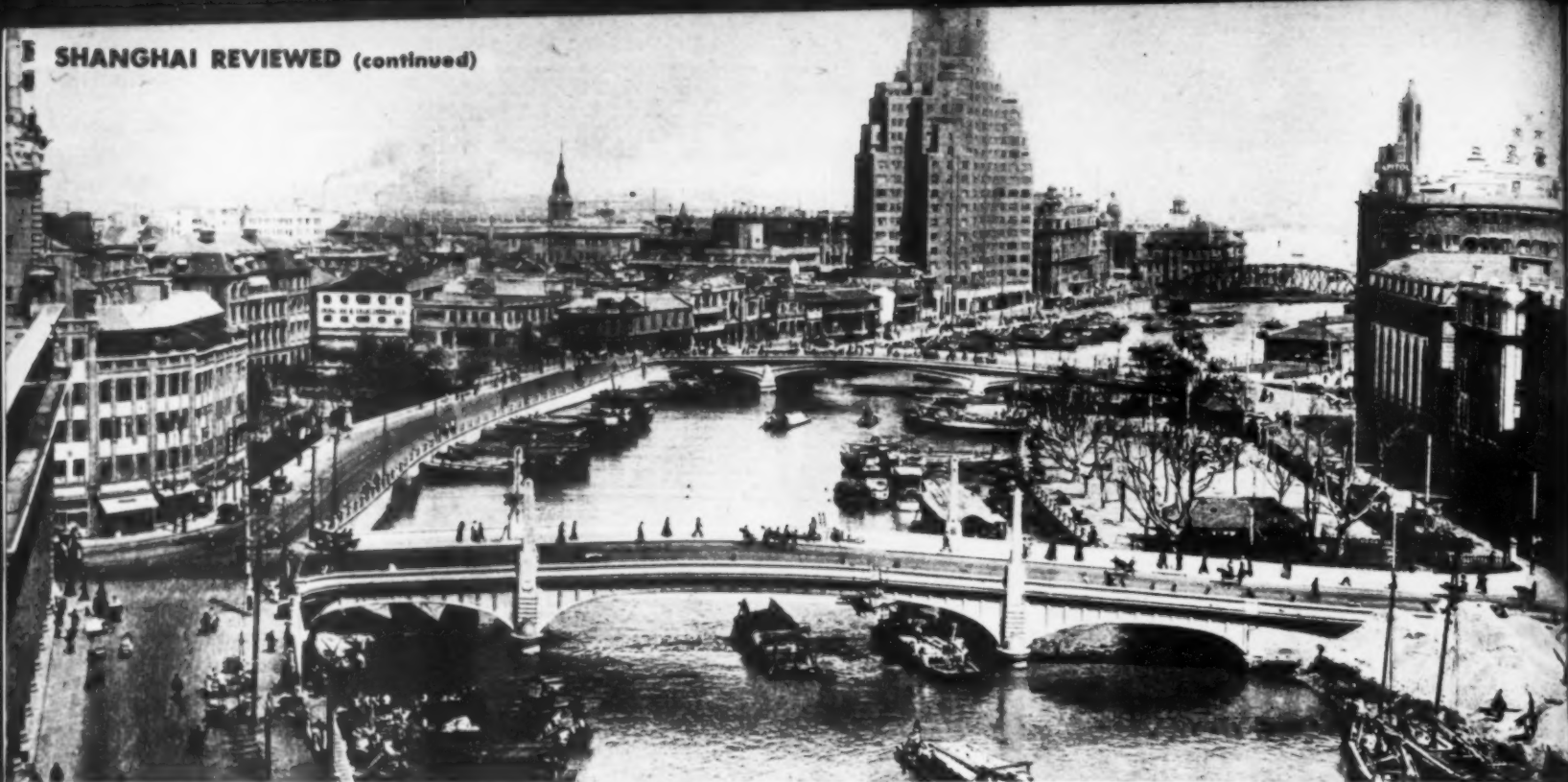
On the Bund, which was several acres of concrete between the riverbanks and the imposing buildings on the water line, there were establishments that sought to give off a little of the atmosphere of back home. Most of them in this area were British; but elsewhere there were business establishments that had an unmistakable American appearance.

Nanking Road offered the best entrance to the heart of the city from the Bund. Within a few blocks it became Bubbling Well Road. Why? Just another of those things about China. At the other end of the Road was the little concrete-curbed water hole that furnished the Road its name. Shanghai had only two passageways that bore the title of street.

TURN PAGE

**A former China Marine looks back on the prewar glories of that fabulous "Paris of the Orient" and decides "it was good duty"**





Soochow Creek before the Sino-Japanese hostilities. To left of the Creek is Hongkew, the area occupied by the Japs at the time of Pearl Harbor

The Creek flows into the Yangtze River (background) where English, American, French, Italian and Jap warships anchored before the war

Neither were of any importance or length, and it would be impossible to remember their names.

Strung along Bubbling Well Road from the cistern, on one end, to the Bund on the other, lay most of the establishments that would interest a Marine on liberty. Avenue Joffre, in the French area of the Settlement, had some of the play spots, but not so many as the British and American businesses which characterized the Road. On these and the other thoroughfares the Chinese, German, English, American, Russian, Indian and French inhabitants worked, rode, played and cheated each other. A new arrival on the Shanghai scene needed to be told one thing, although he would learn it shortly, anyway. No one was paid enough to exist comfortably. He had to cheat and cadge to get along. In fact he was expected to fudge. Anyone who did otherwise was considered eccentric. They had a name for it: "Cumshaw."

"Cumshaw" was a tip, a refund from an establishment for doing business with it over a long period of time; in short, anything on the side. The rickshaw boys took it in high rates, and the policemen took it from the rickshaw boys in petty fines. Your life was in danger in any of the entertainment businesses if you did not tip out of all proportion. The cabaret queens took it the way they do anywhere else. The queens should not be taken too much to task. In July, 1941, they were receiving one eightieth of an American dollar for three minutes of dancing with heavy-shod Marines. This ratio will give you an excellent idea of the cheapness of physical exertion in any form.

Noise was ever-present. All wheels squeaked, all dogs howled, and everybody had something to say all the time. When a Chinese taxi driver got in a tight spot, he could always be counted upon to blow

his horn until everything had been thoroughly cleared from his path. There need not be an emergency at all. Those Chinamen loved that horn! Marine drivers were different. They depended on bumpers and accelerators. To ride with one of these underpaid fugitives from Indianapolis was to take the chance of never enjoying another drink of beer.

The odors were always on hand. Everything smelled in Shanghai: cooking, auto exhausts, kitchens, perfumes, sewers, printing presses, warehouses and people. They were like nothing in America. They were China.

Contributing to this odor, and everywhere to be seen, were the beggars. Dirty, scabrous, ragged derelicts who knew every trick of a tricky profession. Urchins ran on the heels of Marines crying in pidgin English about their lack of the barest essentials: "No monee, no mamme, no poppee, no whiskee soda!"

Some practical joker from the West probably is responsible for the annoying chant. Anyway it became standard equipment for child mendicants. One usually gave something for the sake of peace. The older beggars sat at every point from which they were not banned by law. Every conceivable appendage usually was found to be missing. Remaining eyes, ears, chins, legs — everything was exposed to move the passer-by to charity. New arrivals could be considerably stirred. Later they would become inured. There were simply too many who were too pitiful.

Many of the beggars were countryfolk who had been driven into the city by Sino-Japanese hostilities. They brought little with them and were obliged to live in the streets. No one worried about housing programs for them. On the less important sidewalks of Shanghai one could see families being born and reared.

The rickshaw coolie usually lived between the handles of his vehicle. Someone would have stolen it had he left it on the street. His lot was not an enviable one. He paid rent for his rickshaw. He paid squeeze to the policemen. He had to contend with the featherheaded whims of foreigners. Someone put the average working life for him at somewhere between four and seven years. It is not known who was responsible for these figures. Certainly it was not an insurance company.

But riding in those rickshaws! Ah, that was Shanghai. They bore fat, greasy old Chinese men, Jewish refugees from Europe, American sailors, solemn, turbaned Sikhs, dainty Chinese girls suffering from the Hollywood influence, Chinese youths in fedoras, innumerable combinations of dress, race, taste, and appearance.

Midst all this, the Marine played the role of pampered sucker. They took him, took him from every angle and with every approach. And he gloried therein. To be "mistered," "sirred," bowed-to, pam-



Privates drinking room in the Fourth Marine Club on Bubbling Well Road. At right is one of the slot machines that made a modest fortune for Jack Riley. The bar-boys and waiters were Chinese



pered, adored and stared at — that was worth the greater part of any Marine's pay. A good life began each day with having someone shine your shoes and make your bed, then to dash out at 2 P.M., grab a rickshaw, and be off for anything from Australian Pony Races at the racecourse to an afternoon in the French Park. The Chinese were very considerate; they did not care what you thought or who you voted for; they could not be insulted; they wanted only to separate a man from a few of his dollars. The rate of exchange in July, 1941, was about 23 yuan for an American dollar. With that kind of pay a Marine could make himself and lots of the Chinks very happy.

The United States Marine was far and away the highest-paid soldier in those parts. The British ran a fair second and the Italian well behind. It was not too uncommon to see five Italian Marines sitting at a table, sharing between them two quarts of beer. It was just as well that way. The way those handsome devils could waltz a Russian gal around a dance floor would have made tough competition for American farm boys, had the rate of pay been equal. The Italians were evidently a picked regiment, all nearly six feet, most of them quite personable in appearance, and as smooth as blown glass.

Other services — the French Colonials, the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and anything else in uniform — were apparently doing it for the experience, if one could judge by their infrequent appearances in the palaces of iniquity. Money screamed no louder in any place on earth than it did in Shanghai, so the picture is not hard to see. Lonesome old "Bamboos" who had not seen the States since the Spanish-American War, would buy drinks by the hour just to hear what a Mississippi drawl sounded like. A man had only to get around a little.

The women! They ranged from dusky gypsies from God-knows-where, to exotic mutes who followed in the wake of the bearded Sikhs. There is no record of anyone getting intimate with a Sikh woman — those men were a little too stern in appearance — but there was considerable dreaming and speculation done. Races mingled and married to produce every conceivable combination. What they would have been by Stateside standards was of no importance. Within a few short weeks, Shanghai standards dominated everyone's choices. If this sounds too calloused, be relieved by the knowledge that these creatures left more scars on Marine hearts than they carried themselves.

All menial labor was given to the Chinese. Their standard of living was too low for Occidental competition. Those not fortunate enough to land a stenographical job in Western business firms had to live by their wits and ingenuity, if not by their great labor.

**L**ANGUAGES held few difficulties for Chinese. It takes surprisingly few words to separate a man from his money, especially if it is burning a hole in his pockets. The Chinamen knew the right words.

The Regiment had a high place among the Settlement's elements of showmanship. So there was the matter of parades. Once a week the entire contingent dressed up and blared its way down Bubbling Well Road to pass in review on the turf in the center of the racecourse. There were no cheering thousands. The Chinese were ostentatious in nothing. But had the parade failed to appear for two consecutive weeks, plenty would have been said along the Road.

Sports were a different thing, especially boxing. The Settlement turned out, *en masse*. The results of these matches were not always pleasing to Marines. The pugilistic prowess of a Russian is built around roundhouse blows and the hardest head on earth. You can box a Russian, you can make him look foolish, you can make points by the score, but you can't knock him out. Eventually he is going to land one of those things that he starts from the canvas. Russians are fun to drink with. But do not antagonize them.

There were three battalion baseball teams within the Regiment, and a team of civilians. The civilians were colored by the second-base play-boying of a Jack Riley. It later was learned that certain authorities in America were very anxious to contact Riley, or whatever his real name was, but at the time he was riding high, wide and loudly on the proceeds of slot machine concessions. He would also bet you that you could not make your point with the dice. He had hit the Bund several years before in a pair of dungarees and had since then grown to become an institution.

Soccer had its round. The rules of this game are somewhat vague to this writer, but physical violence is always a tonic for failing gate receipts. Every one had a good time, even the players.

There was not too much spectator enthusiasm for basketball. Individual competition on the handball and tennis courts did little else than condition men for better liberties.

The one that confused beginners and kept the initiates away from their food was jai alai. This, a glorified form of handball, played with a two-foot wicker racket in a three-walled court, is one of the fastest games ever invented for the confusion of spectators. One sat in grandstand seats watching through a wall of wire while the two players tried to catch each other at some spot 50 yards from where they should be to return the ball. The court was *that* big! If you learned how to place a bet on one player or the other, you had a fair education. If you had a winning system, you were a genius. The old gunnery sergeants loved it.

The surest way to safely miss a formation was to mention a jai alai system. "Gunnie" would tell all about his. By the time he finished, it would be time for liberty.

The Regiment maintained its own recreation clubs. The main one, Bubbling Well, was as palatial an establishment as any in the world, with the possible exception of the Hollywood Canteen. Here, countless Chinese boys indulged the whims and thirsts of the men, at prices that a private could easily afford. There were many Marines who knew the way to the club, and therefore were able to return. But they knew little else about the city's streets. Little else need be said in favor of the club.

When a man had to stay in the barracks, there were radios under or beside every bunk. The Settlement was not very big, so one could not expect anything resembling the Kraft Music Hall. You would be surprised to learn just how enjoyable a radio can be when it is mostly recordings, with very little news and commercials. Dinah Shore was at her newest and mellowest in the summer of 1941; Crosby was an institution, had been since you entered kindergarten; the Inkspots were enjoyable; and many a Marine missed the constant bass of Paul Robeson when he returned to Stateside duty.

One of the news commentators used so many four-letter words in descriptions of the Japanese that he quickly embarked for the States when war was known to be inevitable. But he furnished many a chuckle before he left. The program encouraged every sort of phone call and dedication, so a man was not too surprised to have a few revealing facts about his liberty of the night before broadcast in the morning. Things happened in Shanghai and everyone knew everything about everybody. The other woman would always find it out, too.

From the Bund to the Well, by way of "Blood Alley" (officially restricted), through Frenchtown, with an occasional spurt into the forbidden Japanese Area, men of the 4th Regiment roamed, marched, and stood watches. They stared and were stared at. They took and were taken. They squeezed and were squeezed. They returned to the States and none complained of having wasted his time or money.

Lurid, garish, beautiful Shanghai — city of filth and foul odors. May she soon be the same as before!

END

The colors pass during a typical parade of the "Old Fourth" on Shanghai's race course



**The United States Marines, with their colorful parades and high pay, blazed a flamboyant path through the crowded streets of this ancient Chinese city**

# harmony over an underwood



CORP. RODNEY D. VOIGT  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Sergeant John Davies, a Marine, shown hard  
at work on the Army paper *Stars and Stripes*

**S**ERGEANT JOHN DAVIES was the hard-working news editor of the *Stars and Stripes*, Shanghai edition, which to most Marines in North China was more familiar than their own home town papers. There is nothing unusual about Davies. He's an ex-newspaperman, married, hopes to be discharged soon and is about like any of a half-dozen other guys working on the Army newspaper. Except that he's a Marine.

No kidding, it was a Marine who was editing the China Theatre Army newspaper. As one soldier put it: "These damn Leathernecks turn up everywhere."

As far as anyone connected with the paper could tell us, it was the first time in the history of Army newspapering that a Marine had held the job of editor on *Stars and Stripes*, or any other Army publication for that matter.

(A 1921 edition of *The Leatherneck* carried a story in which it was stated that the beginnings of the *Stars and Stripes* were in a Marine Corps publication.

"This was a small paper published at Bordeaux, France, under the editorship of Second Lieutenant Charles P. Cushing, USMC, and called the *Amex Marine*," the article said. "Assisting him was the famous Marine cartoonist, Private A. A. Walgren — Wally's Cartoons. Soon after this paper was started it became evident that the A.E.F. should have a means of disseminating desirable news. Accordingly, two Army representatives were added to the staff of the *Amex Marine* and its name changed to the *Stars and Stripes*." — Ed.)

Sgt. Davies, a Marine combat correspondent, was loaned to the Army by the Third Amphibious Corp Public Information Office at Tientsin on the request of the China Theatre commander. The situation was not as bizarre as it would seem at first glance, for actually the Shanghai edition of

*Stars and Stripes* was more a Marine newspaper than it was Army. Or perhaps that would make it more bizarre.

The edition reached some 30,000 paying customers, and more than three-quarters of them were Marine and Navy men. Most of its circulation went by air to North China, where it was the only real daily newspaper circulated among the scattered garrisons. Its khaki-clad soldier readers were just a minority.

Another Marine, Sergeant Charles (Chuck) Jensen, of Waterloo, Iowa, was also loaned to the Army to work on *Stars and Stripes*. Jensen was detached from the First Marine Division Public Information Office, but was transferred to the United States as a high point man for separation from the Corps before he had been with the paper very long.

Jensen and Davies joined the S & S staff on December 10, 1945, and Davies stayed to become assistant news editor and finally news editor, which post he held until the paper folded up with the closing of the China Theatre late in the spring.

Davies's working day was a busy one, and he drove himself hard, usually sending his copy boy out to get him a sandwich, and working straight through the lunch hour. Sitting in the slot of the copy desk, with his copyreaders fanned out around the rim, he slugged his way through reams of material daily, pausing only occasionally to light a cigaret or open a bottle of beer.

His working day began about 10 A.M., but the real pressure on copy started about noon. From then until 5 P.M. he hit it in dead earnest, barking orders and answering telephone calls. His temper usually got shorter as the day got older. Some time between 5 and 5:30 P.M. he would spike his last piece of copy, light a cigaret, slide his chair back from the desk and smile. Everyone would relax and the tension would lift like a first act curtain.

Through for another day! Then the night staff of two or three would take over to read proofs as they came up, execute last-minute changes and make up the paper. In the morning it was delivered.

*Stars and Stripes* was run strictly along the lines of a big-time newspaper. It subscribed to all the big wire services, had a staff of trained newspapermen, photographers, artists and all the rest. In keeping with the *Stars and Stripes* tradition, the paper was virtually free of censorship except that self-imposed by decency and good taste. The only direct outside censorship was that of the Chinese government, which does not permit publication of figures on movement of Central Government troops. The paper had a champion in General A. C. Wedemeyer, China Theatre Commander, and actually was run by enlisted men for the enlisted men.

It was an eight-page, five-column tabloid, with a slightly Hearstian style of writing. This is not hard to understand, since several of the staff members had been with Hearst papers. The former news editor, Dick Wilson, had been with International News Service in New York City before the war.

Newspapering is nothing new to Davies. He started in the business when he was 14, working for the Albuquerque, N. M., *Journal*. A year later he was employed by the San Antonio, Tex., *Express*. After his graduation from Teaneck, N. J., High School in 1934, he worked for several morning and afternoon dailies in the New Jersey-New York area, until 1936, when he joined the staff of the Newark *Evening News* in Newark, N. J. He is on military leave from the *News*.

He was transferred to Tientsin to work on the weekly *North China Marine* after S & S folded. His big ambition now is to finish his present tour of duty. Then he will be able to get back to newspapering in Newark and get reacquainted with his family.

END



# FUEL

## for the Fires of CHINA

CORP. LYNN MOORE  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



The train is halted while workmen, guarded by Marines, repair the damaged track. All scurry for cover when a land mine in the tracks explodes. Major General DeWitt Peck is at far left

Some Chinese faced a long, cold winter until the Marines took over the vital railroad line



Marine sentries ride the trains in addition to guarding bridges and installations. Here a Marine stands with his rifle ready while Chinese workmen repair the damage caused by marauding bands



When workmen tried to repair the damaged train tracks, sniper fire poured from this Chinese village. These Corsairs make a few dummy runs over the town as a warning to "knock it off"

**T**HOUSANDS of homes in chill North China were warmed last winter by fires that could not have been kept burning without the aid of United States Marines. Don't get the idea that the Marines stood around lighting matches and tossing fuel on the home fires. It wasn't as easy as that, or as free from danger.

What those fires needed was coal. The coal could be provided if the railroad serving the area could be kept in operation. But there were people who did not want the trains to run. There was talk of bandits and Communists, but the Marines did not concern themselves with the personal or political nature of the opposition. Their job was to keep the line open, and if anyone tried to close it, as many did, they were to stop them. They did not seek trouble, but they were ready for it.

The Marines — 6900 of them — came to North China last autumn. They found themselves in an area threaded by one of the most important railroads in the world, the life line of North China's millions, running between Peiping, China, and Mukden, Manchuria. On its route, outside of Manchuria, lie the cities of Tientsin, Tangshan, Chinwangtao and Shanhaikwan. All of these except

Shanhaikwan were garrisoned by the Marines.

Though not the largest in population, Tangshan and Chinwangtao are the key cities on the line. Tangshan is important for its coal mines, the largest in China. Chinwangtao, northernmost point assigned to the Marines, is the site of the only deep-water harbor in the coal-producing area. Together, Tangshan and Chinwangtao supply coal to the millions living in Shanghai, Tientsin and Peiping. The coal is also of great value industrially, and is peculiarly adapted to the making of coke, used in the steel mills.

For a long time this territory had been occupied by Japanese. When these were driven out they left behind wrecked machinery and caved-in mine shafts. Trains were stopped completely, and bridges along the route were demolished. The Marines were charged with seeing that the mines produced again in time for the approaching winter, and that the railroad would be ready to carry the coal. Within a few weeks coal was pouring from the mines, and the Marines had assumed the guardianship of the repaired railroads.

Along the track from Tientsin to Chinwangtao are hundreds of small outposts, in which Jap soldiers



# FUEL (continued)



Three Chinese passengers on the stalled train peer out the narrow coach window

once established themselves to guard the railroad against Chinese. Most of these are held by members of the Chinese Nationalist Army, while a majority of the more strategic positions were taken over by Marines.

At the beginning, last October, only one train set out each day between Tientsin and Chinwangtao, and this was protected by armed Marine guards. The trip, though not great in distance, was far from a sentimental journey. Movement was made in daylight, so the engineer would be able to see in time where mysterious characters had taken away parts of the track. Occasionally there would be an ambush by slithery figures armed with pistols.

On November 14, 1945, Major General DeWitt Peck, Commanding General of the First Division, was aboard a train with men of his command and Chinese civilians. Close to a small village, the train was forced to halt when a break in the track was

discovered. Chinese workmen hurried out to repair the damage, and then the excitement began. Shots were fired from the village, and the attackers were so persistent that Gen. Peck called for planes, which flew low over the area to demonstrate their ability to strafe the village, if necessary.

When, at last, the repairmen were able to get at their work, a land mine went off among the displaced rails. One Chinese was killed and several others injured. It was in this sort of atmosphere, and amid weather that made life in a Quonset hut anything but pleasant, that the Marines went about their work of providing fuel for the fires of North China.

A COUPLE of dozen other attacks were made, sometimes with rifles, machine guns, occasionally mortars, but mostly with pistols. One Quonset hut was struck by firing that left half a dozen holes in the roof. It had been none too warm in there before.

But conditions on the railroad improved rapidly. The number of trains in operation increased, and that was a good thing for the Marines in their wind-swept outposts. It meant more mail calls, and better food. Eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables, and meat, cheered the patrolling Marines in their six-week tours of duty.

After six months of Marine organization and protection, the line had three passenger and seven freight trains running daily between Tientsin and Chinwangtao. Between Tientsin and Peiping, the daily schedule had been raised from four trains last October to seven passenger and four freight trains. Running time on this stretch was cut from a nervous ten hours to a reasonably comfortable three hours. And for the full trip from Peiping to Shanhaikwan only about nine and a half hours was required for what had been a journey of two to four days.

All these improvements do not add up to ease and luxury for the Chinese inhabitants. The trains, when they have taken on as many passengers as they can hold, make the Christmas rush in the States look like a very gentle thing. First-class passenger cars are equipped with a reasonable number of only moderately uncomfortable seats. Second-class cars are a little worse, and third-class may charitably be described as fierce.

Nevertheless, to a people that has been subjected to management and exploitation by the Japanese, a little discomfort is nothing new. When it is considered that the Marines bring them seven tons of coal for every one being delivered last October, it would seem they have at least something to be thankful for.



The Chinese believe there's always room for one more—or 100 more. These people are all



Marine sentries at Tangshan await the arrival of the "First Division Special." This station is the most strategic on the Peiping-Mukden line



Marine mail clerks aboard the "Special" sort mail with the ever-present pin-ups on the bulkhead and coffee (shown in the foreground) on the boil



for all

trying to board a crowded train. Some will make it, but many more will be left behind



These are the third-class riders who cannot afford the low second-class fare. The second-class travelers are shielded from the elements by a roof and enjoy the doubtful comfort of seats



Mail-hungry Marines unload a precious shipment of letters. The anxious little Chinese girl with a pail is prepared for any chance chow handout



This is a typical outpost for guard duty at a Chinese railroad bridge. Note the lone Quonset hut, small railroad bridge and the American flag

**Marine guards on the railroad  
warded off many attacks and  
still kept the trains moving**

TURN PAGE 11



# They rate the best Chinwangtao liberty for Bridge 96 duty



The best chow available is sent to outposts. Here a shipment is checked before delivery

**B**BRIDGE 96, on the line between Chinwangtao and Chang-li, is typical of the posts Marines have been guarding. Every six weeks the scene at 96 goes something like this:

A flatcar, loaded with blanket rolls, packs, rifles and Marines, comes to a screeching halt at the bridge. A young lieutenant, bundled in a warm parka, shouts to his men.

"Well, this is it," he says. "Bridge 96. Let's go."

Slowly the train, the flatcar and the lieutenant move out, gain speed and soon disappear into the boondocks. Seven Marines stand beside the track to watch it go, and then reluctantly trudge toward the Quonset hut.

"Yes, this is it," someone murmurs. "And may God have mercy on our souls!"

Behind old 96 and the other stations and bridges along the railroad lies some recent Marine history. In October, 1945, the Marines landed at Tangku and Chinwangtao, in North China. They had the

double assignment of repatriating Japanese occupying the area, and of guarding and maintaining 170 miles of railroad tracks, a task too large for the green Chinese Nationalist troops.

All strategic stations and bridges between Chinwangtao and Peiping were put under Marine guard. Details of from seven to 60 men were assigned each post. The duty was not the most pleasant. During the winter, icy winds swept in from Manchuria. The hours were long and monotonous. But, as they had in the mud of Okinawa, the Marines stuck it out and marked off on the calendar the dwindling numbers of days left before relief would come.

The First Battalion, Seventh Regiment, was assigned the watch along the route between Chinwangtao and Chang-li. Bridge 96 is within its jurisdiction. Three companies alternate on the duty, each putting in six weeks at a time. Between these periods of work the guards get all the liberty and special privileges possible in Chinwangtao.

The Quonset hut at Bridge 96 boasts half a dozen bullet holes in its roof. To these the Marines on duty will point with pride. During the tense months between November, 1945, and February, 1946, Chinese bandits used the hut for some unannounced long-range target practice. The rod-toting boys were lucky, say the Marines, to have hit the place at all, the way they were shooting. Talking about this with the occasional stranger is part of the little real entertainment the guards have.

The thick, moulded concrete and spiny steel of 96 has a personality of its own for those who must stand the watches, listening to the whine of the wind through the girders. The day shifts are two hours; the night shifts, four hours.

Besides those of the bridge there is a medley of noises. A burro in a distant village brays about his boredom; a hungry dog rustles the brush beneath the bridge; a train rumbles along in the distance. When the fighting happens to be near, the familiar chatter of a Japanese Nambu sounds from the hills, and mortar bursts remind the listener from America of his own recent war.

The daily schedule includes home-cooked meals, the washing of dishes and clothing, the turns at duty, and the evening's entertainment. The day-by-day picture ticks off as regularly as a clock, one-two-three-four. Even the after-dinner evening entertainment has a monotony of its own. There is the occasional trip to a village for eggs and other scarcities, a turn at the punching bag Special Services provided, card games and the inevitable bull sessions.

Things begin to stir only at the passing of a train. As it roars by, whistling and shaking the bridge, someone always has to say:

"Well, she's still there."

The most popular time of the day is around 0200, when the First Marine Division Special stops to drop mail, and sometimes a fresh supply of food, to the guards.

Bridge 96 has two mascots, a Chinese boy called Gizmo, and a Philippino monkey known thereabouts as Zeke. Gizmo sweeps and scrubs amid the teasing Marines, and greets every passing train with thumbs up and a shouted:

"Ding how."

Zeke has more personality. He's a little like a chaplain. Whenever someone seems particularly moody he does his best to get them laughing. Once in a while he gets down himself. But not for long. Said one unsmiling Marine, looking up from his four-months-old magazine:

"Ninety-six, Zeke, Gizmo and the peons are just one big, happy family."

This photo was taken while going over one of the bridges between Tientsin and Chinwangtao



The chow shown in the photo at the top of the page is pictured on arrival at the outpost. Chow hounds line up at the side of the "Special" and the chow moves by safari to the outpost galley



# The Chisox Lyonized

Arthur E. Mielke  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

## Windy City fans get a new shuffle as ex-Marine Ted Lyons steps into Dykes's ample shoes

**C**OME September and the White Sox may be in the next-to-last slot assigned to it by the sports writing fraternity. But the club did turn its back on past performances for a time when Ted Lyons took over managing the lowly, seventh-place club in late May. Right off the bat it had its hour of glory by licking the World's Champion Tigers three straight after having lost ten of its previous 13 games.

In accepting the job of successor to able, likeable Jimmie Dykes, Ted Lyons took over one of the most unenviable posts in baseball's big time.

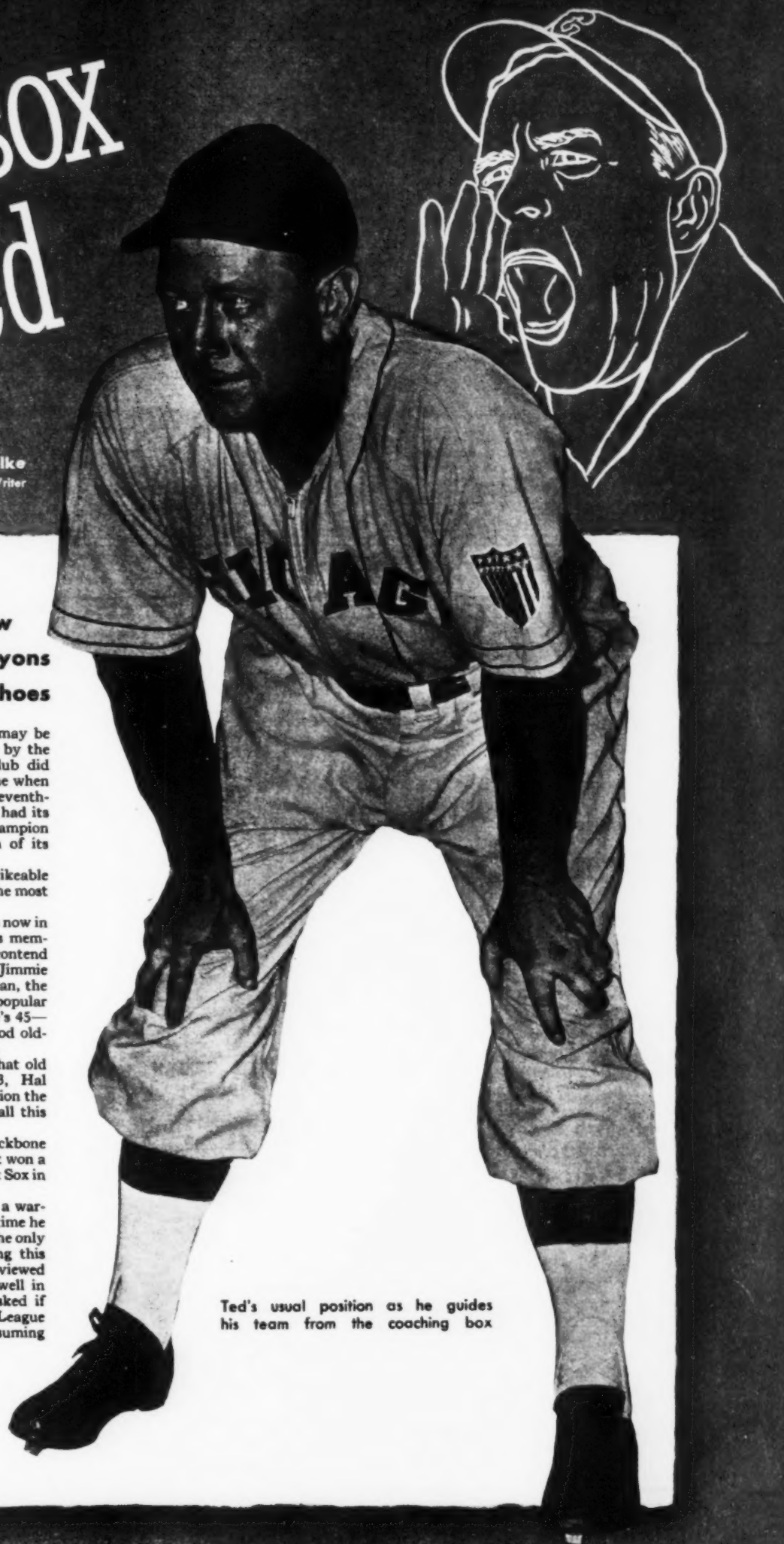
In the first place, the ex-Marine captain is now in his 21st season of big-league baseball — all as member of the one team. He follows a man many contend is one of the best managers in baseball. If Jimmie couldn't do anything with the club, no one can, the wisecracks aver. Moreover, the immensely popular Ted, now in his baseball playing dotage—he's 45—has inherited a team that is replete with good old-timers. But they are old-timers, nevertheless.

Who would have thought ten years ago that old Luke Appling, now 37, Wally Moses, 33, Hal Trosky, 33, and Taft Wright, 32, not to mention the ancient Ted, would be playing big-league ball this season?

But they are. Not only that, they're the backbone of the team—a team, incidentally, that hasn't won a pennant since it played as the notorious Black Sox in the 1919 World Series.

Lyons returned to baseball this year after a war-induced hiatus of three years, most of which time he spent with a Marine air wing in the Pacific. The only contact Ted had with big-league ball during this time was scanning of box scores. When interviewed by *Leatherneck* Correspondent Ernie Harwell in mid-1945, while still overseas, Ted was asked if some day he would be standing American League batters on their heads again. The quiet, unassuming Ted smiled and said:

"Yes, I'm hoping to get back with the Sox. If the war doesn't last too long I should have a couple



Ted's usual position as he guides his team from the coaching box



Lyons, the Marine, gets together with a couple of his old team mates, George Dickey, left, and Johnny Rigney, when a Navy ball team visited the Marshall Islands base where Ted was stationed



"Now here's the way you..." Marshallese ballplayers listen attentively as Lyons explains some of the finer points of pitching. The natives learned the game from the Jap occupation force

of seasons left in the old soupbone. But as long as the Marines need me, Chicago will have to wait."

Harwell said he had to prod Lyons with pointed questions to make him talk about himself. What about the start of his unusual career?

"I was lucky to play with some crack semipro teams during my formative years," he explained. "I had played second base for Vinton, La., high school when Bill (One-Eye) Reynolds, who used to catch for the Yankees when they were called the Highlanders, asked me to join a semipro outfit at near-by Lake Charles. They had several ex-major-leaguers, among them Johnny Berger, Athletic catcher; Harry Truesdale, former Brooklyn infielder; and Charlie Train, another ex-Athletic. I learned a lot from them. When Berger and Train used to talk about the big time I wondered if I'd ever be there."

When Ted entered Baylor in the fall of 1919, thoughts of becoming a professional ballplayer were still latent. He was to be a lawyer and he was majoring in history. In addition to starring four years as a Baylor hurler, he also ran the hurdles in track and made the Southwestern Conference All-star Basketball Five for two years.

During the summers, Frank Bridges, Baylor diamond coach, took the major portion of his college nine to Jacksonville, Tex., to play as a semipro team. So Ted majored in baseball each spring and summer. Once again he had a coach with plenty of know-how. Bridges, who was a scout for the Brooklyn football Dodgers in 1944, taught him how to cover first, how to hold runners on the bases, and how to use his stuff at the right time. Another coach, Bub Moseley, contributed the change of pace to Lyons's repertoire.

"Ted," Moseley told the six-footer one afternoon, "you've got a neat curve and a sneaky fast one. But you need a change of pace to set off your speed."

The two worked many hours on the slow stuff, Lyons finally mastering the art of pulling the string with the same motion he used in shooting his blazer through.

"But the first few times I let that nothing ball go," Ted recalls, "I felt the hitters would knock our third baseman into left field. Somehow they didn't, and I've been using the change of pace ever since."

BY HIS junior year at Baylor, Lyons's reputation as a hot-shot college hurler had begun to seep into the lobby talk of the big leagues. His friends Train and Berger had written Connie Mack in Philadelphia and somehow the Browns also had heard of the collegian's promise. Mack sent Harry Davis, the former Athletic first sacker, to Waco to chat with Lyons.

"The Athletics can use you," Davis told the Baylor pitcher. "Mr. Mack has given me authority to sign you to a contract. How about it?"

"I'm interested in baseball, all right, Mr. Davis," was Lyons answer. "But not right now. I want to finish college."

Ted wrote the same reply to the Browns, who had contacted him by letter.

The following spring Lyons had begun to think more seriously about his future. Law was almost forgotten. He was practically sure it would be baseball. The fact that the White Sox trained that spring in Marlin and Seguin, Tex., made him as positive as a gate MP. One afternoon Ray Schalk, their veteran receiver, dropped in at Waco to see a Baylor tilt. With him was Harold (Speed) Johnson, baseball writer for the *Chicago American*.

"Listen, Ray," said Speed. "I hear these two Baylor pitchers—Lyons and Tanner—are good. Why not catch 'em and see what they have?"

So Schalk, dressed in a white linen suit, stuck his hand in a borrowed catcher's mitt and appraised the slants of the two collegians. He liked them both. Tanner, however, wasn't interested in baseball as a career. Lyons was. A few days later he signed a contract with Harry Grabiner of the Sox, obtaining a \$1000 bonus and a half-season salary of \$3500. The contract was postdated July 2, to allow Ted to finish his college twirling.

July 2, 1923, is a date that Lyons will never forget. That was the day he saw his first major-league game, and pitched in it. Ted had reported that morning in St. Louis, met the players, and was sitting on the bench watching the Sox absorb a beating when the Chicago manager, Kid Gleason, called his name.

"Lyons, get out there and warm up. You're going in."

It was the last half of the eighth and the Browns were out in front, 6-3, when Lyons took the mound. He pitched to the Browns in their final time at bat,



retiring Urban Shocker, John Tobin, and "Baby Doll" Jacobson in order. He had jumped from the Baylor campus to the big league and for the next 20 years would be pitching for the White Sox.

"My first start," relates Ted, "came a month later against the Tigers. They jumped me for three runs in the seventh to whip us, 5-3. I couldn't get my fast one by those great Tiger hitters. Why, in their outfield that game they had Heinie Manush, Fatty Fothergill and Harry Heilmann. At the time those three were hitting so well that even Ty Cobb couldn't break into the lineup."

**T**ED made a few more appearances but didn't win a game until the final day of the season when in relief roles he received credit for both victories in a double-header against Cleveland.

In 1924, Johnny Evers took over the White Sox and Ted became a starting pitcher. Although the Sox finished last, he won 12 and dropped 11.

"Again I was lucky," he points out, "to have the advice of several baseball-wise team mates. Big Ed Walsh, Eddie Collins, Schalk and Red Faber passed along some valuable tips. Control had given me trouble in my first season but after I overcame that early awe of big-name batters I began to find the plate."

Lyons had his first taste of stardom the following season, winning 21 against 11 setbacks and achieving stature as the ace of the staff. In '26 he reached another zenith by hurling his only no-hitter on August 21. Victims were the Boston Red Sox. Ted walked lead-off man Ira Flagstead who promptly was erased on a double play. After that, Lyons was the complete master. In 1927, he turned in his greatest record, 22 victories for a fifth-place team. However, late in the campaign Ted suffered an injury which was to cut his effectiveness.

Sam Rice of the Senators pulled a grounder into the hole between first and second. Bud Clancy, Sox first sacker, moved to his right and Lyons sprinted over to cover first. As Ted took the short toss from Clancy, Rice bowled into him. Ted fell on his shoulder. The next season he was bothered by a hitch in his shoulder, but nevertheless won 15 while dropping 14.

Hounded by tough luck, Ted suffered an even worse setback four years later. Before reporting to the Sox at training Lyons had undergone a siege of flu. He was weak when he made his first start in an exhibition against the Giants at Houston. Ted served one in, early in the tilt, and something caught in his right shoulder. All summer he trailed in and out of doctors' offices. None could help him. Appearing in only 22 tilts, he won four and lost six. During the winter of 1931, his home town physician came nearer to restoring his arm to normal than any of the fancy city specialists. Still, it wasn't the same. Ted began to notice it, too. His fast ball didn't have the old zip. He needed another pitch.

When at Baylor he had read articles about Ed Rommel's knuckler. He had studied pictures of Rommel's grip and during the first nine years of his career had experimented off and on with the delivery. Now was the time to use it. When the Sox met the As, Ted studied Rommel. And in 1932, he



Lyons watches practice from the dugout as the Sox prepare for a night game with the Senators. In the foreground, right to left, are ex-Marine Bob Kennedy, Wally Moses, Lyons and Eddie Lopat

adopted the pitch, using it only once in a while—just enough to keep enemy hitters off-balance.

Lyons never stopped learning. Even in his last decade of hurling he picked up many new tricks. In 1939, Dykes felt that his ace couldn't stand the every-four-days pace and picked him for duty as a Sunday pitcher. Ted gained a new cunning and in his four seasons before joining the Marines racked up records of 14-6, 12-8, 12-10 and 14-6. In 1942—his final campaign—he led the loop in earned-run averages (2.10) and completed each of his 20 starts.

Other outstanding performances listed under the name of Lyons in the *Baseball Register* include: hurled 42 consecutive innings without issuing a base on balls, starting in the fourth inning, June 1, and ending in the first inning, June 23, 1939; led league in games won, 1925 and 1927; led league in complete games and innings pitched, 1927 and 1930; led league in shutouts, 1925, and tied in 1940; led pitchers with perfect fielding record for most chances accepted, 1936; pitched and lost 21-inning game to Detroit,

6-5, May 24, 1929; named by the Baseball Writers Association for *The Sporting News* All-Star Team, 1927.

The *Register* is too strong on facts to mention Lyons's hitting prowess, which has become a topic of much discussion with the White Sox. It all started at batting practice prior to a game with the Senators at Griffith Stadium. Somebody mentioned a long hit he had remembered in the Washington park. The next player recalled one which went a bit farther. Each new contributor excelled the last. Finally Lyons spoke.

"Those hits were just bunts," he said with a grin. "See that Briggs hot-dog sign above the left-center field bleachers? Well, ole Lyons used to hit that sign so often that the customers wouldn't sit out there any more because they were always getting splattered with the mustard."

That was the beginning. Luke Appling, Julius Solters, Taft Wright, Joe Kuhel and the other Sox pestered Lyons for more tales of his Bunyanesque slugging talents. He obliged, each story becoming more fantastic than the last. Then Solters climaxed the joke when he and Kuhel awarded Lyons with a small pennant which they had found in the gutter outside Griffith Stadium. They made the presentation at the plate during a Sox batting practice.

When Ted talks seriously of hitting he points to Bill Dickey, Charlie Gehringer, Al Simmons and Lou Gehrig as the greatest batters he has faced. As for pitching, Lefty Grove is his choice.

"I admired Grove," he tells you, "because he overcame his early wildness to reach the top."

His choice for the best team of all time is the 1924 edition of the Yankees, which included Wally Schang, Wally Pipp, Aaron Ward, Everett Scott, Joe Dugan, Babe Ruth, Bob Meusel, Whitey Witt, Herb Pennock, Sam Jones, Joe Bush, Waite Hoyt and Bob Shawkey.

"The pitching staff was terrific," according to Lyons. "If you knocked one of their hurlers out, they'd just send in a better one."

Ted's playing plans at present writing are up in the air. His won-loss record of one and four belies his pitching effectiveness. Of the four games Ted lost, three were by the narrow margin of a single run. Some were lost by unearned runs. When he took over the reins from Dykes he said he would not take his weekly turn on the rubber any more. He said also that he hadn't decided whether to retire from the active list come pruning time in mid-June.

His managing plans are well-known—he wants to win the pennant.



A pair of White Sox immortals. Sitting on the dugout steps are one-time pitching star Urban ("Red") Faber, now a coach, and one of his early pupils, Ted Lyons, who now is the team's boss

# 3 little words

*They seemed simple, till  
Marine met ricksha boy*



Brimmer, famous for his strength



Ying, who's never heard of him

Photos by Sgt. Bob Sandberg  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**T**HE star of this little picture play is Ying, a prominent ricksha puller of Tientsin, China. His supporting player is PFC Clyde Brimmer of St. Louis, Mo., in the role of a persistent private.

A superior person has ordered Brimmer to go over to the big haberdashery emporium half a mile away and buy him a sash. He has spoken the vital three little words:

"Take a ricksha."

The play derives its psychological impact from the clash of personalities. Brimmer, the Marine, wishes to go by way of the Street of Heavenly Hummingbirds. Ying, the father of 17 children, wishes to travel the Avenue of Celestial Snapdragons. Neither will yield an inch. Yet the persistent private has orders to take a ricksha, and there is none but Ying's to be taken. . .



Ahoy, my good man. Chop chop!



I want to go to the sash store



Of course, you're going my way



In we hop, and off you'll clop



Street of Heavenly Hummingbirds



It's back that way, you know



I'm glad you know who's boss



# STOP ME IF...



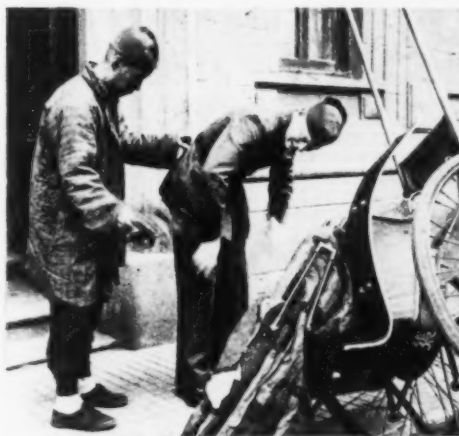
Hey, it's back that way. Back!



I guess you didn't understand



You're not on the ball, like me



But we can't all be so bright



Now here's a map of my route



Quiet, now, you're quite confused



Sit down, and don't say a word



Last time I'll "Take a ricksha"

IT WOULD not be surprising to learn that there is a guild of Irish humorists which decrees that Irishmen will be funny regardless of weather, listening conditions and the size of the check. "Mick" was no exception. He traded humor—good humor, bad humor, stolen humor and a little original wit for a meal, beer, whatever you are drinking, or merely an audience.

The cosmopolite hodgepodge that filled the bars of Shanghai before the war with Japan was ideal for this rambling wit.

"You are very kind, sir. Thank you, I believe I will . . . A short beer, boy."

Nothing interfered with his flow of blarney, not even his marriage to a Jewish-English-Russian child who caught him off guard. The pathetic little ceremony that made them Marine and wife was mumbled in the priest's office of a combination church, meeting place for the Shanghai Auxiliary, and recreation hall with pool tables for the youth of the city.

When the Fourth Regiment went to the Philippines, Mick left his wife with a touch of Irish humor. She was cautioned to be discriminating in her choice of men.

When "Skinnie" surrendered the Rock, Mick took it in rollicking good style. Rice does not support humor as well as beef-steak, but the Irish were in there trying.

"A man has got to learn to laugh if he is going to get through this. Them long-faced guys are going to wake up dead some of these mornings."

Some of the long-faced individuals in question at this time were doing a brisk business with the Filipinos for edibles. High on the list of preferences were the lumps of brown, sticky, half-refined sugar. There was some chance of getting your head knocked for this dealing, but have you ever tried rice straight? Some of the pessimists believed these lumps seethed with dysentery vermin. But not Mick. While others took an hour to melt and boil the stuff, he took it as it was intended.

"Let's don't hand me that stuff. I don't boil it. No need. I ate some yesterday and all it did was make me a little loose."

His bosom-buddies returned late one evening with several of the sugar lumps. Flopping loosely to the ground, one of them started an innocent nibble. Mick became quite solemn.

"Hey, John, don't eat that stuff. You aren't as strong as some."

The man stopped eating, but complained:

"Yeah, I know, but when will I get time to cook it. I'm working at the motor pool, now. I get in too late."

"Leave it with me. I'll boil it tomorrow morning and you can eat it in the evening."

The next morning his bug was relatively quiet. A little of the stuff would not hurt him now. The fourth cake tasted as good as the second. Better cook the rest of it.

Mick was never able to keep his trousers on after that. Things move fast in the tropics, especially Dame Nature.

Three days later Mick received Extreme Unction. The next day they buried him without casket, without music and without his smile.

"Now, that reminds me of what the newly gelded race horse said . . . Thank you, St. Peter, me throat is a wee bit dry, at that. . . ."

BY SGT. LUCIUS JOHNSTON  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

# OPERATION

**Marines were called when  
a band of this country's  
worst cutthroats made a  
frantic bid for freedom**

**by PFC Robert Prosser**

*Leatherneck Staff Correspondent*

**L**YING offshore in the early evening light, the 20 Marines in the PC boat could taste the thrill of excitement. Each could also taste the bitterness of salt water as the crowded craft bobbed and ducked in the grey waters of San Francisco Bay.

Up ahead, rising almost vertically from the water, lay "the Rock," and although the craft was still 200 yards away, the dull echo of rifle fire could be heard.

"They must be expecting us. I hear their reception committee warming up," one Marine grunted nervously.

"Yeah, but I'd rather land this way and be shot at than be on *their* welcoming committee," his companion returned.

Except for a single word splashed in letters of red on the roof of a towering building ahead, the clean, compact rock and its brilliant snowflower vegetation, this might have been another enemy stronghold, daring its invaders. But the single word was "ALCATRAZ."

The day was 3 May 1946, and the occasion was an attempted prison break during which a crime-crazed band of the nation's worst criminals attempted to blast its way back into a society from which it had been banished. The Marines were the first of several groups rushed to the fight from nearby Treasure Island at the request of aged Warden James A. Johnston.

The Marines were called three hours after the first shot had been fired by a frenzied convict. When they arrived the cons already held hostages, a seizure that resulted in the killing of two guards and the wounding of 14 others.

As the Marine craft bobbed in the swift current off the Rock it could not be determined how many cons had been casualties of the prison guards' guns. Before the last shot had been fired and the beaten, humbled cons had crawled back into their bleak cells, three of them lay dead and murder charges were being prepared against another trio of ring-leaders.

Primarily, the Marines were called to guard the large body of case-hardened prisoners who had not yet had an opportunity to join the rioters. One hundred and fifty of these prisoners had been scattered over the Rock performing various prison tasks when the riot flared. It became the duty of the Marines to ride herd on them for as long as the riot would last.

"They're in an ugly mood," a prison official warned the Marines who took charge of the group.

The rounded-up prisoners milled about a prison exercise yard which now served as a giant bull pen. The truth of the official's observation was soon proved when it became necessary to forcibly subdue



# ALCATRAZ

PHOTOS BY SGT. FRANK FEW  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER AND  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS



An offshore view of "the Rock" where some of this country's toughest criminals are sent to serve prison sentences

one rotund little gent whose professional name was "Machine Gun Kelly," and whose criminal nuisance value had finally brought him to the attention of the FBI.

After a series of scarlet epithets, hurled at the Marines, fatso Kelly received a workmanlike bopping about by Marines and guards, who then hustled him off to solitary confinement.

"Yaaa yu lousy ----- I bought more War Bonds than any of yu ... I helped win the war too." This is a well-laundered version of the Kelly tirade against Leathernecks who would prevent him from joining his rioting associates.

Other Marines had been summoned because of their knowledge of special weapons that were unknown to the prison guards. These included Warrant Officer Charles L. Buckner, holder of the Silver Star from Guam and the Purple Heart from Bougainville and who had been officer of the day at Treasure Island when the Alcatraz SOS was sounded. Buckner came armed with hand and rifle grenades. The use of the latter caused civilian newsmen to report that bazookas were being used against the cons.

Barricaded within section D, or the center of the cell block, the cons commanded a full rifle sweep of the western approaches to the Rock. Aware of this, the Marines landed on the eastern side of the island after a midstream transfer from their craft to a passenger ferry which regularly serves the Rock. As the last Marine jumped ashore from the big prison barge the white-sided ferry pulled away and shoved off for the safety of midstream.

Five Navy and Coast Guard cutters, loaded with watchful prison guards, stood off Alcatraz in the swift bay current.

"Just to be safe," a sweating guard explained. "The cons can't get away so long as they have no water transportation, so we'll keep the Alcatraz excursion steamer out of reach."

Within the protective shadow of a grey Alcatraz wall, a prison guard explained to the Marines how the break had begun.

A few hours earlier the prison had lain, as usual, basking on the Rock in the warm sun, its guards unaware of the bubbling ferment that was coming so close to the surface within the cells. The fury had suddenly boiled over, without a moment's warning. Bank robber Bernard Paul Coy, ironically a "trusty," had been able to mount a window-cleaning ladder near the gun gallery and, using a variety of tools in getting through a wall of bars supposedly impenetrable, he had been able to surprise and overpower the guards.

"Escape," the guard further explained, "is the only thought these men have. They plan for years how they will exploit some weakness of the guard or the prison system. The fact that the odds are thousands to one against them doesn't stop them from making a try."

On Alcatraz there is no such thing as a real trusty, the guard said. Coy had been allowed to work on a cleaning detail outside his cell when the break occurred.

The Marines knew that even those men who weren't actively engaged in the armed break attempt were dangerous. Perhaps the prisoners in the yard were more vicious than those who had arms inside, for on the outside only a five-foot wall, the swift current, and prowling guard boats separated them from San Francisco and freedom.

One of Coy's weapons had been a heavy wrench which he had stolen earlier while working on a detail cleaning the plumbing alley, a dank, steel-sided recess which tunneled beneath cell block D. With proper poetic justice this steel tunnel was soon to become a crypt holding the bodies of Coy and two of his companions, Joseph Paul Cretzer and Marvin Franklin Hubbard.



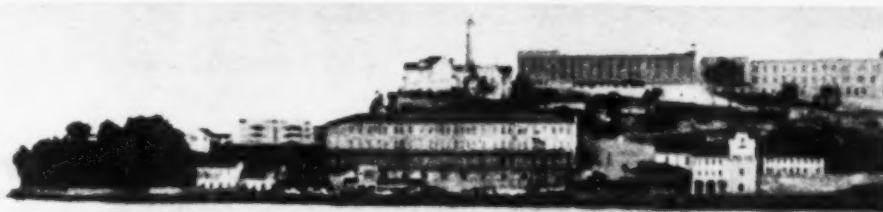
Warrant Officer C. L. Buckner tells reporters how he used grenades to end the prison break



"... Strings on the grenades made it easy to control their explosions. A little improvising"



Warrant Officer Buckner points to a photo. "Now here is where the rioting cons had taken over"



The Marines are landing again. This time it's Alcatraz, federal prison on a rock in San Francisco Bay. Here they are getting a good look at their new beachhead

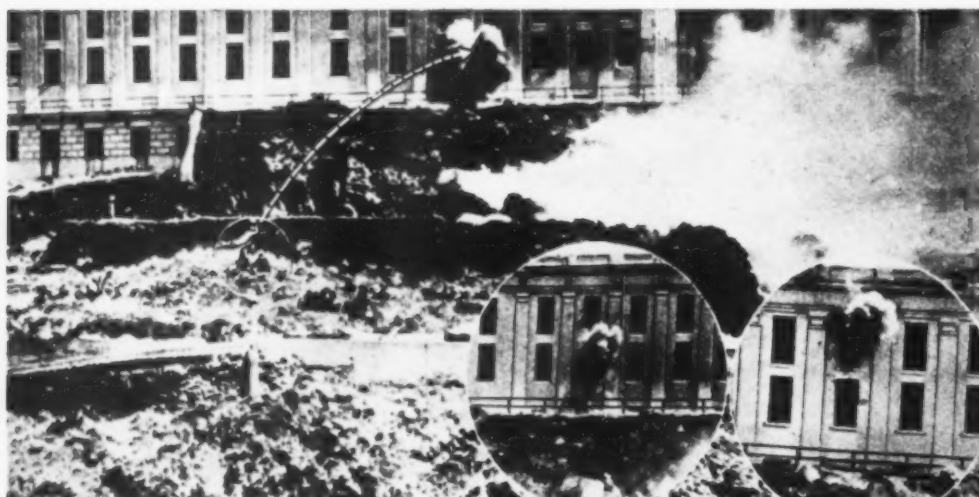
Revolt died on "the Rock" when  
the cons' three blood-crazed  
leaders were killed

Coy's other weapon had been a window cleaner's squeegee, when he climbed the ladder and touched off one of the most spectacular revolts in the annals of American penal history. Using the wrench to pry his way into the gun galley, the convict lay in wait for the approaching guard, and at the proper instant attacked with both of his improvised weapons. With the squeegee he raked Guard Bert A. Burch close to him and battered him into insensibility with the heavy wrench. Then he seized a set of keys that would unlock all the doors within Cell Block No. 1 and took possession of Burch's .45 caliber pistol, and a .30 caliber rifle, with ammunition for both.



The Treasure Island contingent of Marines go over the side of a Navy vessel to the deck of the SS Warden Johnson. The Johnson rode them

into their landing on Alcatraz. When the Marines set foot on "the Rock," they guarded some of the toughest criminals in the whole world



In circle at left three Marines are pumping rifle grenades against the cell blocks where the cons are holed-up. The two circular insets at the lower right show the grenade hits

Burch was a "gun guard." Cell blocks at Alcatraz are constructed like steel catacombs, tier upon tier of cell rows. Each cell has its own steel-barred door and each tier is further confined by barred balconies. Three complete cell blocks stretch the length of the huge building and are parallel to each other. Guards who had the run of the cell blocks carried no weapons. Only the gun guard, himself a prisoner in a cage that ran along the end of the building, had firearms. He had a commanding view of all the cell entrances, and a clear field of fire. The wall of bars between him and the cell block protected him, theoretically at least, from attack if prisoners should get the run of the building. Coy figured this out and worked out his plans accordingly.

By employing his cunning, Coy had been able to become the commanding figure within the cell block. At the steel door to the outside, however, Coy's rule ended. The gun guard's keys would open doors in the cell block, but Coy had neither the key for nor the knowledge of how to operate the electric doors to the outside.

Although the escape plot was doomed to failure from the first, long confinement had warped the convicts' reasoning until, to them, liberty lay just past the next set of steel doors. A dozen convicts responded to Coy's profane invitation to "shoot every ---- guard and blast our way out of here."



Cretzer, bank robber and killer of a U. S. marshal, soon took the lead, even surpassing Coy in the fury of his attack against the guards. To Cretzer, Coy gave the .45 caliber pistol, a weapon that was used in killing one and wounding at least a half-dozen guards. Guard Robert R. Baker gasped out his story to Marines who heard how he lay for ten hours feigning death on the steel floor of a cell after being shot by Cretzer.

At the wailing of the first alarm soon after Coy attacked the gun guard, Baker and a half-dozen other guards rushed to the scene of the trouble. Unarmed, they at first expected far less serious trouble, but they were met by Cretzer who, brandishing the pistol, herded them into two empty cells. Then he snarled, "And now I'm going to kill you."

Cretzer singled out Deputy Warden William A. Miller from the group and demanded his keys.

"The keys, give me the keys, you ----- . Give me the keys or you'll wish you were never born."

As he continued to brandish the stolen pistol he suddenly spat a savage oath and slugged Miller in the face with the pistol. Miller fell to the steel floor and Cretzer directed the other convicts to hold him over a rude prison bench.

"Hold him. I'll show you how to get the keys," he boasted, and when the other convicts complied, Cretzer began to kick the helpless guard.

"Let me help. I owe that ----- a little trouble, too," another convict volunteered, and as he did, still other cons took up the cry. One of the torturers kicked Miller from the bench and with his heavy prison boots jumped repeatedly on his chest and body in a frenzied rage.

Numbed with torture and coughing blood with every savage blow from the convict's boots, Miller surrendered those of his keys which were a duplicate set to the ones the prisoners had taken from the gun guard. At the first sign of trouble Miller had disposed of the key that would open the door between the cells and the outside.

"These keys aren't the ones," Cretzer stormed as Miller relinquished the set. "We're just as fouled-up as ever."

When Cretzer found that Miller hadn't given him the right key he seemed to go crazy.

"He shot Miller," said Baker, "and he ran up to where we were in a cell and poked his pistol through the bars and started firing. No one could count the shots or had any time to think. I fell to the floor when I was hit and I heard the others hit the floor around me."

The faint smell of freedom that had earlier intoxicated the penned killers was now fast disappearing, leaving in its wake a murderous deadlock, during which armed convicts roamed the cell block and the lives of the hostage guards were at stake.

Wounded or just blood-splattered, the captive guards hugged the cold floors of their prison and heard the motley prison strategists ponder their fate.

"Let's hold them for hostages," one prisoner suggested.

"Hostages, hell, we ain't going to make any bargains. All we want are the keys out of here," Cretzer was heard to reply.

"Let's kill all these witnesses," another con offered.



Many a Marine saw this sight when he shipped out through Frisco's Golden Gate — Alcatraz

A few moments later a con, hurrying past the cells containing the imprisoned guards, sent a full magazine of .45 caliber slugs ricocheting among the bleeding forms on the floor. Possum-playing, wounded guards were later unable to identify this wanton gunman.



Marines pulled duty on Alcatraz in groups of 20. Here a watch relaxes with coffee and cigarets after being relieved. They enjoy "shooting the

breeze" about their time on "the Rock." Many were boots with less than six months in the Corps, but some were veterans with several cruises

## OPERATION ALCATRAZ (cont'd)

The fight soon centered around the rescue of these guards in a test tube battle, with Marines and free guards chalking the deadly score from behind a glass visitors' shield which offered a full view of operations within the cell blocks. In a counterattack measure the guards adopted Marine street-fighting tactics, moving into the cell block under a protective curtain of small-arms fire.

WO Buckner was lavish in his praise of the guards' actions.

"In the best Marine tradition," he later told a radio audience, "those guards braved the fire of the convicts to rescue their wounded comrades. They'd all make good Marines."

It was in this phase of "Operation Alcatraz" that veteran guard Harold B. Stites was killed by a rifle volley fired by a hidden convict.

The guards had ranged themselves behind the visitors' glass and, after blasting portholes in the heavy panes, which provided covering fire, with their rifles, pistols and riot guns attempted to drive the cons away from the cells containing the captive guards. Since the glass was not bulletproof guards hugged the steel lower wall to get as much protection as possible from the convicts' fire.

Although the two pieces taken from the gun guard were the only weapons in the cons' possession during the entire riot, the prisoners were able to use them with deadly accuracy. By passing the guns around among themselves, they could snipe from any of a hundred steel-sided cells.

After delivering several withering blasts from riot guns and rifles, Stites and several others rushed toward the cell where it was thought the imprisoned guards lay. Instead of completing the rescue, Stites was killed and his companions wounded by convict fire that seemed to come from everywhere.

New volleys from behind the glass drove the convict snipers to cover and while the guards kept up a steady covering fire, a second group of guards recovered Stites's body. A similar, third action was carried out later when the rescue of the dying Miller and the other imprisoned guards was completed.

As a priest performed the final rites of the Catholic church, guard Miller signed a statement which took the last of his failing strength. It said tersely:

"I was shot to death by Joseph Cretzer."

With the rescue of the guards, the bombardment of the embattled cons began in earnest under the direction of WO Buckner.

Although the pounding given cons lasted more than 24 hours, a single methodical plan ran through the entire operation. To all requests for negotiations, aging, tired Warden Johnston simply replied, "Throw out your weapons." To this ultimatum the cons had their own eloquent reply—a fresh burst of shots.

Buckner's plan was to drive the battered cons away from the two outside cell blocks and thus deprive them of the mobility which they enjoyed as the only armed men within the building. After isolating them he hoped to pound them into submission with a variety of weapons.

As a beginning step, guards covered the outside windows while Buckner used a grenade thrower against the center windows. This proved only partially effective since few of the grenades could be aimed carefully enough to pass between the bars. The over-all strategy was sound, though, and with the first burst of a smoke grenade against the windows the cons were seen to go scurrying toward the center cells. More than that, the actual ring-leaders climbed to the top of the cells where they perched between the cell block roof and the roof of the building. When the cons left the outside cells, riot gun guards could move in closer and pin them down in their new positions.

APPARENTLY the cons felt themselves in a position to withstand a lengthy siege. But they were due for a second shock. With the aid of the guards, Buckner started to methodically raise the roof. He called for tools to gouge a duct through the massive roof. When the first small hole was completed, he drew the pin from a hand grenade and dropped it through. Screams of terror came from the surprised convicts.

"We surrender ... we surrender ... don't do that again ... don't" were among the cries that echoed back through the hole in the roof. A guard approached cautiously to receive the surrendered weapons, and received instead a defiant shot which had apparently been fired blindly by a now-frenzied con.

Realizing that their refuge on top of the cell block was no longer safe, the cons, still armed, moved to a lower level. The grenade shower followed them. By lowering pineapples through cold air ducts on strings, Buckner was able to methodically herd the cons into the one protected spot in the cell block. This was the steel alley, deep in the entrails of the building, which served as an outlet for the cell block plumbing.

Thus, in isolating themselves, the cons signed their own death warrants. Grim-faced guards sent blast after blast from their riot guns rattling down the steel tube.

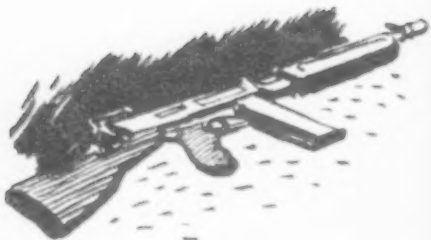
Forty-five hours after the revolt first flared, Bernard Paul Coy lay stiff in rigor mortis. Apparently the first to die, Coy was society's mad dog even in death. Although his stolen rifle had been used by others for hours after his death, his arms were still locked in firing position. Near-by, and dead, too, lay Cretzer, and kidnapper Marvin Hubbard. The surviving cons had crawled back into their own cells and there sullenly awaited the next move, which was to be the law's.

The Marines went back to Treasure Island and caught the liberty due all who participated in the operation. With their tongues in their cheeks they were already asking for Alcatraz campaign ribbons. They suggested black and grey horizontal prison stripes for the design. END



Corporal W. Crook, PFC J. H. Adams and Platoon Sergeant A. D. Dixon read of their adventures

Back at Treasure Island after his "Rock" duty, PFC Harry Robins feels sack time coming on





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Private First Class Marvin (Farmer) Shirley in a moment of relaxation



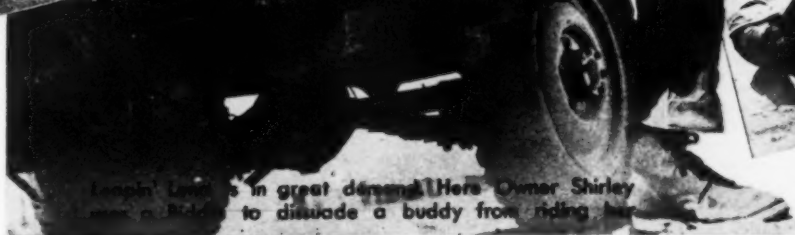
By jeep to move his Marine jeep is doing every day



Farmer and a buddy make one of their daily junk pile visits



Jeep is in position for repairs



Owner Shirley in great demand. Here Owner Shirley is trying to dissuade a buddy from riding her

# HELL DRIVER



"Whoa, there." The former reins up his snorting steed

**Ingenuity and a junkpile of cracked-up jeeps were all a China Marine needed to solve his personal auto shortage problem**

**A**UTOMOBILES—and we use the word loosely—are worth fabulous sums these days, as everyone knows who ever heard of the smiling Irishman and his gay way of paying huge prices for cars.

"If it's a good car we won't let you leave without buying it," an unblushing used car dealer advertises, subtly suggesting that you can name your own price. The reverse of the picture is, of course, that he plans to turn a neat profit when he passes the vehicle on to someone else. That's what he's in business for, and it happens, at the moment, to be good for his health.

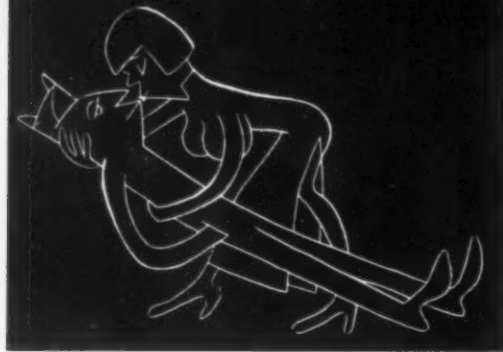
We have just had the pleasure of hearing about a Marine who has nothing to do with used car dealers, but gets around very nicely, anyhow. He is PFC Marvin (Farmer) Shirley, and his heart belongs to Keyser, West Virginia. But his personality is in Tsingtao, China. He drives an oil truck and oils Hell Divers for Marine Air Group 32. That's during working hours.

In his spare time, for two weeks, he rummaged through the occupants of a graveyard for dead jeeps. He got a gasket here, a chassis there, a battery somewhere else. Then, with a little help from the numerous kibitzers who gathered around his stock pile, he put them all together, for better or worse.

END



At his regular work, Farmer fuels up a plane



by Gunther (Peiping Tom) Gherkin\*

Gunther

goes

Asiatic

# Catastrophe in Old

ONE day shortly after the end of the war, I was sitting on the little island of Rococo Shima with some of my atoll buddies. We were singing the Chinese hillbilly song, "Peking through the Knothole in Grandpaw's Wooden Leg," and drinking a nutritious juice which we had squeezed from several ripe torpedoes.

"Gunther," one of my pals named Archie said to me in a mellow moment, "why don't you take a voyage to old Cathay, where the flying dogfaces play, and the moonshine comes up on you like thunder for it tastes like Buckner Bay?"

I thought for a moment, inhaling the delicate perfume of some old coconuts. Then I replied, geographically, "Archi-pal-i-go."

I turned to a near-by master gastrical sergeant who was matching stripes with a zebra.

"Son," I ordered, "have some of the working class of people around here warm up an airplane for me."

The fellows turned to in real Marine style and a month later a jeep came to take me to the strip. We arrived a little late and the strip was over, but I saw the chorus do a hot number and the grand finale.

I took one look at the airplane I was to make the trip in and thundered, "There has been a terrible mistake. I asked for an airplane that had been warmed up. This one is warmed over!"

Well, a good Marine never complains — audibly. So I boarded the plane. And when I say boarded, I mean I nailed the last shingles on the fuselage.

The airplane was something to look at. But nothing to fly in. Before we left, the fellows held funeral services in case we ran into any clouds with hard centers.

"Hey guys," I called. "What's the idea of an Irish funeral?"

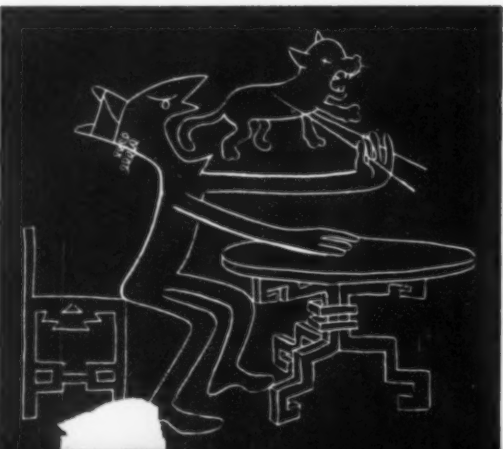
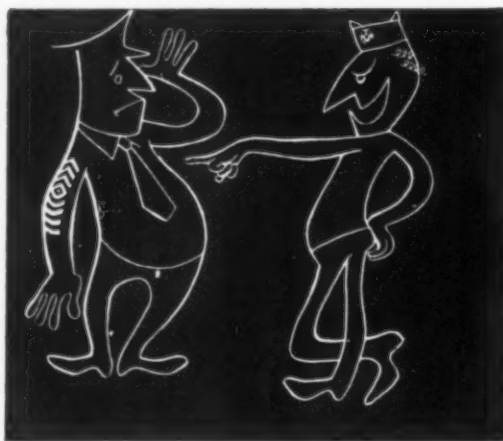
"Dope," one of them replied. "This is Wake Island."

You can't blame me for being nervous about the long ocean flight we were to make. I happened to know that the previous distance record for that type of plane was three miles shorter than the flight of the bumblebee. But the fellows on the plane were real nice to me, and gave me a parachute harness. They said next trip I could have a parachute.

On the way we stopped at the romantic island of Okinawa. They really look after you there. Enlisted transients can have anything they want, as long as they don't want food, decent lodging and a place to wash. Okinawa wasn't as dusty as I remembered it from previous visits. This time I could see my hand in front of my face in the daylight — as long as I didn't hold it all the way out at arm's length.

Our first stop in China was Shanghai, a city built by the Chinese under the direction of the Fourth Marines. The most famous street is called the Bund. The Bund is just the Bowery with rickshaws instead of pushcarts.

I had expected to find Shanghai a backward city, but in many respects it is as modern as New York. When I stepped out of the plane, the first two



Chinese to approach me offered to sell (1) a silver coin worth ten cents for only a dollar in gold, and (2) a set of picture postcards, the kind that are of interest to men.

I ordered both of these men out of my sight, first confiscating the postcards to save some innocent youth in a line outfit who might be approached and have his morals corrupted. Then, with Saturday night in Shanghai ahead, I signalled for a rickshaw.

In less than three seconds I was at the bottom of a heap of rickshaw boys and their vehicles. In China the customer belongs to whoever can wrap him up first. One grabbed my legs, another my arms, and a third my ears. While they pulled and argued about whose fare I was, other boys, who thought I looked a bit heavy, came up with knives and sliced off that portion of me they desired to haul. Bit by bit, little by little, I crossed the city.

Finally one boy smashed all the opposition rickshaws and their owners with a sledge hammer, thus eliminating competition in a fair, American way. I settled in his contraption and he covered me with a lap robe that was so alive it could have beat him to our destination by three lengths.

Ready for my trip, I addressed my boy in fluent Chinese. "Hey you boy, you savvy place me eattee sleeppee washee? You savvy Oldee Frenchee Clubee for enlisted mence?"

"Oui," he nodded, taking hold of the rickshaw shafts. "Et le crayon de mon oncle est sur la table."

"Careful what you say," I warned. "I speak Japanese as well as I speak Chinese."

My boy started out at a fast clip. He charged me \$500 for every 100 yards. We left the business district where people were trading on the sidewalks, and entered the residential district, where they were sleeping on them. I looked around uneasily, for I saw that I was in a strange part of town. But then I relaxed, realizing that since it was my first trip to Shanghai, I wouldn't be able to recognize the familiar parts either.

Suddenly my boy turned up a narrow alley and stopped.

"We where are?" I asked.

He shrugged.

"Me plentee tired. Me stopec."

"What place this, kind?"

He winked.

"Bling plentee Amelican Maline. Allee timee bling. Velly flavolite rendezvous for all high-class Gyrenes. I assure you that you will find every comfort and convenience. Three thousand dollars, please."

"You must think I'm made of money," I complained, cutting off my big toe which was solid gold, and giving it to him. Really, I only gave him two thousand, and congratulated myself on making a good bargain, when I discovered I had paid him in American money. Well, it was only a little mistake, and I'm working it out for a Chinese dollar a day. And he's not very heavy.

But that's the kind of thing that spoils foreigners and makes them think that because we have a lot of money we are rich.



I knocked on the door of the house. It swung open and a lovely Chinese girl came out and threw her arms around me. I pushed her away (after a while), muttering in an annoyed tone:

"Oh, come now, must this always happen? Isn't China going to be any different from Johnston and Kwajalein and Marcus and Truk?"

The girl smiled and squeezed me affectionately with a pair of red-hot ice tongs.

"What is your name?" she asked coyly.

"Gunter Gherkin," I said, blushing. "But you can call me by my Chinese name, which is 'Little Pickle in the Sadness of the Moon.'"

"My name is Moo Lah," she said, bowing low and at the same time deftly snaring a cigaret butt I had dropped. "Who are you with?"

"Sold!" said Ma. "She's a lovely girl and most of the time she will be happy and gay. But she has her moods. It's only fair to warn you that once in a while she gets a little poignant."

"She'll be happy," I vowed. "I just know that she and Gizma will have a great deal in common. Come, my child, you will accompany me to North China before we return to the United States."

TOGETHER the sweet girl and myself found a rickshaw, and we started on the long journey to North China. It was a happy trip and I sang much of my favorite song, "I Found a Million Dollar (FRB) Baby in the Five and Tientsin Store."

We traveled by rickshaw for weeks, going to some places that are so remote even the people in Shangri La don't believe they exist. Finally we arrived at a sprawling old Chinese city that had been built in the middle of the plain. We drove through the gate, and a few minutes later we were caught in a jam of rickshaws, camels, street beggars and jeeps.

Somehow in the crush of traffic I became separated from the lovely Moo Lah, and though I searched for her for at least five minutes, I never saw her again. I have heard from her since, indirectly — through her attorney.

Lost in a mysterious Oriental city, I wandered aimlessly through the narrow, twisted streets. Finally, weak from hunger, I went into a restaurant and ordered spaghetti. They served it to me, but with chopsticks.

I finally managed to get a square meal, but I was so tired I was losing my appetite, and just nibbled a little off one corner.

As I was finishing my meal, the owner of the place came to my table.

When I was through, he asked, "Care for a smoke?"

"Matter of fact, I do," I replied.

"Then follow me," he said.

He led me to a back room where there were a number of beds, and in them, people lay around smoking pipes. Even women. I don't care for women who smoke pipes, but I'm not the type who tries to tell other people how to live.

My host led me to an empty bed.

"You may relax and smoke here," he said.

"Thanks a lot," I said. "I certainly do appreciate your solicitude."

Well, they brought me the littlest pipe, and I guess they must have been out of regular tobacco, because they gave me a little bean to smoke.

"So, here I am (puff) in China. I'm pretty (puff-puff) comfortable, but I (puff-puff) sure would like to get back to the (puff-puff) United States. I don't think I'll ever get to go home, but (puff-puff) I can dream, can't I?"

END

# GRATITUDE

★ ★ ★

BOY, was that NCO ever Sore!!! Ya shoulda heard him. His blood pressure must've been over 200 and on a warm day you can easily blow a fuse with that kinda push from the old pump. Here's how it came about:

The day dawned a little later on. By that, I mean in the good old Corps nobody is grabbing sack time and watching the sun bow in at the same time. However, this being record day, we were spared the usual physical torture "under arms" which ushers in every day at the rifle range in pre-dawn darkness. Supposed to relax you or something. I dunno. Anyway, after chow, we boots hefted out M-1s and trudged off to the range.

The day was perfect. The sun at our backs and a gentle breeze blowing from the bay made ideal firing weather. Usually record day is loused up with gales, typhoons and hurricanes to hear the old salts tell it. Especially the guys that didn't qualify. The butts reached out a long arm and corralled a goodly portion of its slaves and the rest found themselves having their sights blackened and their knees knocking.

Tension increased as we were assigned targets and sat on the benches awaiting our relay. A quiet Joe from my platoon sat next to me and I tried to draw him into conversation, hoping to relieve my own nervousness. You know, put your mind on other things and walk away with an extra \$5.00 per month. He sat there as calm as a cigar-store Indian and just as talkative. Our relay came up and he fired from the target next to mine. Slow fire, three positions. Sitting, kneeling and offhand.

A pinwheel on the first shot steadied the eye and inflates the ego. Some 15 rounds later we moved to the 200 for the rapid. Sitting, kneeling and prone rapid and we moved to the 300 for the final rapid, prone. Then we moved to the line that would tell the tale. Eight rounds slow from the 500. Those 40 points involved would tell the experts from the duds.

I had finished firing my rounds before the Joe next to me started. Feeling definitely superior due to the fact that my greens would be adorned with the expert medal, I shouted encouragement to him as he advanced on the line. A measly one point put me in the \$5.00 extra per month class and I could afford to be magnanimous.

This Joe's coach held a confab with him before he got into position. I couldn't hear the gumbeating, but when he started firing, the first three shots were deuces at nine o'clock. The coach fiddled with the windage gizmo and the boot put the next five shots smack dab in the bull.

Now comes the part that nearly split my dungaree pants asunder. The NCO coaching this Joe calls on the field phone for a confirm from the butts.

"Well, that's it," he says. "When I coaches 'em they come through. You just tied the record for the course."

With that, the Joe lets out a bleat that could be heard down in the butts.

"Tied it," he yells, "I shoulda beat it. You gimme bum dope on those first three shots and lost me nine points. That's bum coaching."

As I said before, you shoulda heard that NCO. Did he ever holler.

CORPORAL RICHARD SCHNEIDER  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

# and Cathay

I whipped out a bugle, blew several rousing notes of Semper Fidelis, and snapped to attention.

"The United States Marines, Eighth Division, 47th Regiment, Company T, FMFPACHQSQDRN-COMPHIBSUB, Washington, D. C., representing *The Leatherneck Magazine*. Madame, I am working my way through the War College and I have a special offer. If you subscribe..."

"I did!" she screamed. "Five years ago, and I've only gotten one copy of the magazine since. Where is my sub..."

"Would you like to see your picture in print?" I said softly. "Your name in print? Wouldn't you like to appear as a pin-up, as 'The Girl We'd Like Most to Leave Behind?'"

Moo Lah smiled.

"Come up and meet the honorable ancestors," she said. "Now you're cooking with camel droppings."

AS WE went upstairs, she said, "What did you say your name was, you handsome ol' foreign debbil you?"

"Gherkin," I said. "I've just come from Japan. Perhaps you read of my terrible experiences in the public bath there."

"Yes I did," she said. "Hey, Ma! We got a guest! Ma, I want you to meet an old pal of mine. Shorty, this is Ma."

I sat down and had a cup of tea with the family, and a little chow — they're about the same color as a Peke, but larger.

"Say," I exclaimed, smacking my lips over a tasty morsel, "this is really the cat's whiskers."

Moo Lah examined the piece of food in my hand.

"No," she said, "the whiskers were in the soup. That's his tail. Anyway, it's bad manners to talk about food."

"Forgive me for bringing it up," I said humbly.

Moo Lah brought out a Chinese fiddle and played a few numbers. When she finished, she asked, "Don't you play?"

"Only classical stuff," I said. "I once appeared in that piece by Shostakovich, 'Love For Three Oranges.'"

"What did you play?"

"The mandarin," I guffawed.

"I'll bet you were a pip," Moo Lah said.

"Well, folks," I said, "I gotta be going. Been a mighty nice evening."

"Before you go," said Ma, "isn't there anything you would like to buy? We are poor folk who need some cash to pay the mortgage to keep our little cottage. We have several items of interest."

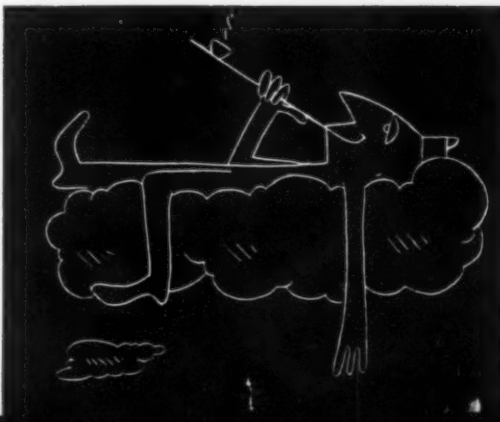
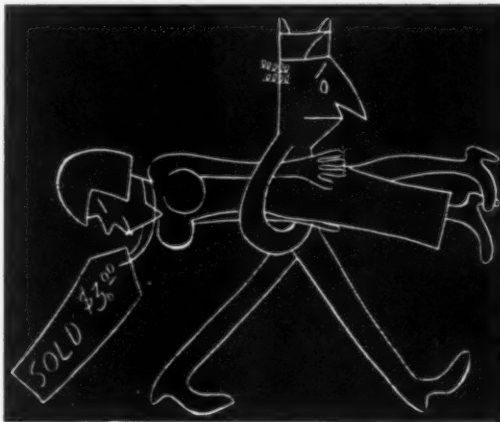
"I promised the good wife Gizma I'd bring her back a pretty," I said. "What do you have?"

"Well," said Ma, "that vase is an authentic Ming for \$20, the carpet is a perfect thing for \$30, and Moo Lah is the cutest little thing for only \$3.40."

I looked at the lovely child in her kimono and bobby sox.

"Sell your daughter!" I said in a shocked voice.

"That's terrible, awful, indecent and barbaric. Three dollars."



# RETRIBUTION at *Ward Road*

by PFC Rodney D. Voigt  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



Hands clasped, these Jap officers resemble three sad sacks as they are accused of complicity in the execution of three U.S. servicemen





This is the five-man military commission appointed to sit in judgment over indicted Jap war criminals. Before them sit the American Nisei and

Korean interpreters who translate every word of the proceedings for the Nip defendants. That chair will hold many a squirming Jap witness

## Judgment day has arrived for the Jap who is guilty of wartime atrocities

**S**HANGHAI'S notorious Ward Road jail is a grim, gray pile of cement and rock. It has been the scene of brutalities and injustices — has known the most vicious of criminals as well as the sturdiest of heroes. During the war its cold, high walls held many American servicemen prisoners.

Fittingly, it is here that an American military commission has been calling to account the Japanese war criminals who practiced their bestialities in the China Theatre. Here were tried 18 Japs indicted for the Hankow atrocity: the strangling and cremation of three U. S. airmen; here the slayers of the downed Doolittle fliers have faced retribution; here Isamu Ishihara, called the "Beast of the East," stood before the commission and heard himself sentenced to a life of imprisonment and hard labor for the beating of Allied servicemen.

The trials were fair, probably the fairest the defendants have ever witnessed and perhaps fairer than they deserved. The charges were read to them, both in English and in their own language. Interpreters explained to them every point in the course of the proceedings. They had defense attorneys, both American and Japanese, who worked earnestly to acquit them. The trials were public. Anyone could attend.

Many who came to watch were impatient with the slow, often monotonous, pace of the courtroom procedure. Particularly from Shanghai civilians did the query come:

"Why waste all this time and money? Hang them now."

But the commission was fully aware that it was doing more than trying the losers in a savage and brutal war. It was creating international law, setting precedent by which other men, perhaps Americans, might some day be tried.

Nevertheless, in many respects the trial procedures deviated from what in the United States have come to be regarded as essential requisites of a completely fair trial.

A special set of legal rules was set up. It was

somewhere between civil court procedure and court-martial rules. Commission rules permit introduction of statements taken from defendants before they are warned of their legal rights, introduction of hearsay evidence, and the introduction of affidavits from persons not present to be cross-examined by the defense attorneys. The burden of proof seems

to be more on the defendants to prove their innocence, than on the prosecution to prove their guilt.

Precedents that perhaps are dangerous to us, should America ever lose a war, are being established. Commanding officers are being held responsible for the individual acts of their men, whether they were aware of the commission of crime or not. Men are being held to account for acts committed under direct order of superior officers.

Frequently this raises weird contradictions to our own accepted military practices. To execute a prisoner of war without trial is illegal. Men who participated in such executions are being tried along with their officers, regardless of whether they knew



U. S. defense attorneys confer with two grinning Jap lawyers. They're mapping defense plans for Jap war criminals. Left to right, Lieutenant Colonel Edmund J. Bodine and Captain C. R. Fellows

## RETRIBUTION IN WARD ROAD (continued)

The four Nips seated are charged with taking part in the murder of four American fliers downed over Japan during the first U.S.

air raid on Tokyo. The airmen were shot after a mock trial. The Nips shown here talk with their lawyers through an interpreter



the victim had been tried fairly or tried at all, or not. To which the defense has raised the question:

"Would members of an American firing squad know, or endeavor to find out, whether the man they were to execute had been fairly tried?"

On the question of responsibility for carrying out an order, the defense has brought out that American military law permits a man to refuse to carry out an illegal order, but warns he does so at his peril. On the other hand, if he carries out the order and the action is later found to be illegal, the officer issuing the order is held responsible and the man carrying out the act is not. The best policy for an American enlisted man, under present military law, would seem to be to do what he is told. Presumably, the defense held, no less is required by the armies of other nations.

Within these limitations the trials are extremely fair and aboveboard. In one instance the defense challenged a member of the Doolittle trial commission for prejudice and the officer was excused from sitting in judgment.

The long trial of the men responsible for the execution of the Doolittle fliers best illustrates, by contrast, the fair treatment being accorded Jap war criminals. The American heroes of the first raid on Tokyo were sentenced to the firing squad after a one-hour trial.

Each day servicemen and civilians lined up before the outer gate of Ward Road jail in the ugly, sprawling Hongkew district of Shanghai. Their attitudes toward the trials were as different as the clothing they wore. The Americans were merely curious to see some of the Japs they had read about, had been fighting for years. The Chinese civilians, intensely bitter at the hardships and

**Now that the rising sun has  
set, most of the little Nips are  
shown up in a dismal light**





The notorious "Beast of the East," Isamu Ishihara, is called to answer for his crimes. He was thoroughly hated by prisoners in the Jap prison camps where he served as a civilian official. He's pictured here with his lawyers. The Beast got life at hard labor

indignities they had had to endure, were there to see the hated Japs sentenced to death.

Just before trial time the spectators were admitted to the prison. They passed through gate after gate, wall after wall, past gun towers from which heavily armed and bearded Sikhs stared impassively down. (Escape from such a place seemed impossible, and yet several Marine prisoners made it over the high walls in which jagged razor-sharp glass is cemented.)

Through the courtyards and in the prison building proper they were directed by American MPs to the third-story courtroom, one of the few heated spots in the prison. The Japs took the heating systems out of most of Shanghai's buildings to feed scrap metal into their ravenous war industry.

At the head of the courtroom, before a huge American flag, sat the five-man military commis-

sion. To the spectators' left were the defendants; to the right the representatives of the world press. In mid-room, facing the commission, the attorneys—prosecution to the spectators' right, defense to the left—pursued their tasks. White-helmeted MPs stood around the walls, and at the doors.

While there were moments of high drama and intense interest and even, occasionally, of low comedy, most of the trials were pretty dull. The language was legalistic, the questioning and cross-examination repetitious. Argument was long and detailed.

Most of the defendants were small, unhappy, harmless-looking men in ill-fitting uniforms. A lot of the GI spectators found themselves feeling sorry for them, until the recital of their crimes got underway and they were shocked into the realization of who and what these men were, and what they had

done and the ideas they stood for during the war.

Some of the defendants fitted all the usual American concepts of the "inscrutable Oriental." They sat stiff and expressionless during the recital of their crimes. They stared straight ahead, with never a flicker of emotion or interest, as witness after witness mounted the stand to point to them and accuse them directly of heinous acts. Major General Katsuraka Kaburagi, graduate of Japan's "West Point," was one of these. Even when sentenced to hang for failing to prevent the execution of three American servicemen at Hankow, he only bowed stiffly.

All defendants did not fit this pattern. Colorful, dapper Captain Kosaka stroked his short beard and looked about him with interest as the trial proceeded. Warrant Officer Fujii, another defendant sentenced to death for the Hankow atrocity, wept openly at one point in the trial, as did two other



An interested spectator at the Jap war crimes trials is Major General Claire L. Chennault, who led the famous air unit, The Flying Tigers. He

sits at the press table with newspapermen on his right and his Chinese aide at his left. The general's feelings seem mirrored in his grim visage

# RETRIBUTION IN WARD ROAD (continued)

Captain C. J. Neilsen poses with the ashes of four of General Jimmy Doolittle's fliers who were executed after the first air raid on Tokyo. Captain Neilsen also flew on the famous raid



Captain C. J. Neilsen, a witness, answers the questions of Colonel J. R. Hendren, prosecutor

defendants. A Sergeant Masuda, sentenced to hang, was a giggler.

Perhaps the strangest of all the defendants was Isamu Ishihara, the "Beast of the East." Educated, English-speaking, he talked, argued and gestured at every chance. To the dismay of his own attorneys, he did more to convict himself than any witness against him.

Ishihara would have been an interesting case for a psychiatrist, and in fact, his attorney did argue that he was insane, that his mistreatment of prisoners was his way of compensating for the frustrations of an overpowering inferiority complex. The same might be said for the Japanese nation, and perhaps Ishihara was its symbol.

Ishihara's feelings of inferiority, his attempts to establish himself as mentally unsound to the military men with whom he worked as a civilian interpreter, his soul-searching, his hysterical attempts to explain himself to the world, all offered a partial answer to the question: "How did Japan get where she is?"

He cut off the end of his little finger with a sword after Japan surrendered.

"If I had been a soldier I would have killed myself," he explained to his captors. "As a civilian I thought cutting off my finger was enough."

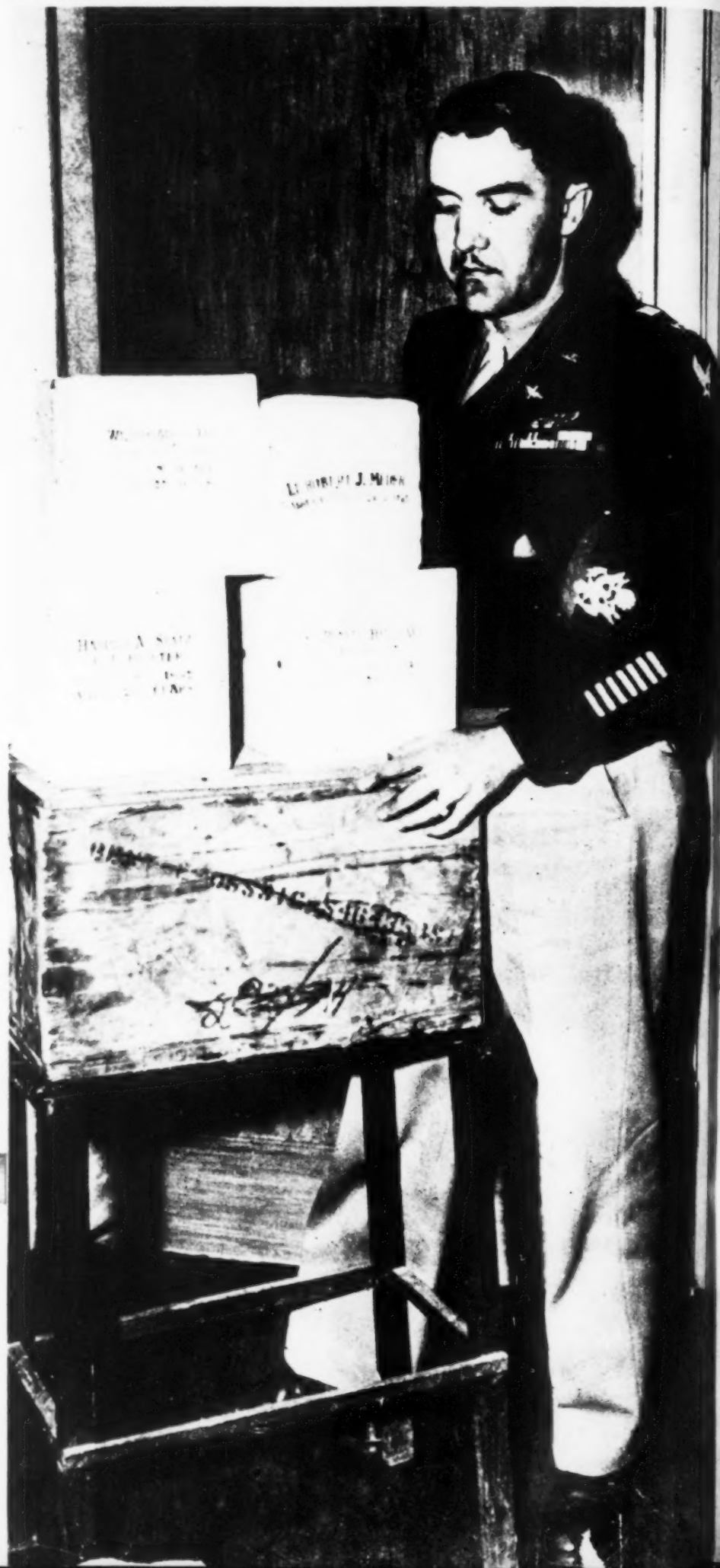
Ishihara pestered war crimes officials for several weeks before his arrest, trying to convince them he was "wanted." The harried officials, facing a mountain of indictments, documents and arrest warrants at first paid no attention to him. Finally they discovered he really was a war criminal and tossed him into Ward Road jail.

Full of corny philosophy and semilitary cliches, Ishihara spent his time in jail writing a book about his experiences.

Strangely enough, Ishihara's trial, though the most interesting, and conducted entirely in English, drew the fewest spectators to Ward Road jail.

Many prominent, even famous persons have sat as spectators during the Shanghai trials. Virtually every correspondent to pass through the theatre has visited Hongkew at least once. General Wedemeyer, commander of U. S. forces in China, and General Claire Chennault, formerly of the Flying Tigers, have been among the spectators.

The trials have had their lighter moments. Re-





## RETRIBUTION IN WARD ROAD (continued)

Lieutenant Colonel Edward Judgins, defense attorney, questions Major General Masataka Kaburagi, accused of complicity in the illegal execution of three U.S. servicemen in Hankow



**A Jap defendant finds  
a Chinese witness has  
an amazing memory**

porters, often bored by the tedium of courtroom procedure, worked out nicknames for the defendants, based on the sound of their Japanese names. Thus Ishihara became "Itchy O'Hara," and Major Sada-suku Sakai had his name shortened down to "Sad Sak," which, incidentally, he was.

There was a certain amount of grim humor in the spectacle of some of the Chinese witnesses, whose seeming anxiety to convict the defendants sometimes apparently overcame their desire to tell nothing but the truth.

One prosecution witness, testifying in the Hankow trials, told the commission of watching the defendants strangle the fliers before the crematorium. It was a dark night and he was 150 yards away, he testified. He admitted there was no moon, and black-out curtains on the windows of the building kept light from streaming out. Nevertheless he insisted he saw the small details he testified to.

Then he was handed a picture of one of the murdered fliers for identification. He held it first at arm's length, then up to the tip of his nose. Finally he handed it back.

"I can't make it out," he said. "My eyes are weak."

For a fraction of a minute there was utter silence in the courtroom. Then everyone roared.

Another laugh came when, during the questioning, a Japanese witness "harrumphed."

"What did he say?" someone queried.

"Harrumph!" the interpreter repeated solemnly.

The members of the military commission have a tough and unpleasant job to do. They are cognizant of the demand of their own people that defendants be punished. They are aware of the hatred those charged earned for themselves, and the desire for revenge they have aroused in the breasts of the millions who suffered under them. Members of the commission themselves are not above prejudice. And they are aware of this.

But above all else, they are acutely aware of the responsibilities that have been thrust upon them. They are aware of the precedents they are setting, and of the long-range effects of their judgments. They are imbued with high purpose and right motives.

They will make mistakes; but to the best of their ability they will mete out justice as Americans understand it.

END

Eighteen Jap war criminals were tried for executions of the American servicemen in Hankow and General Kaburagi, one of the defendants, was sentenced to the gallows. Sad-looking, isn't he?



# A hero

**Joe comes back to find the fort held  
by an Army captain turned football  
coach, but he soon swims his way  
back into the blonde's heart**

by Duane Decker

SHE was lying on the raft in an insolent white bathing suit, sleekly topped by a rubber cap. Her brown knees, raised above her, swayed lazily with the waves. Her knees were very neat.

I figured she had come while I had been asleep — if she hadn't, I'd have heard her. Because the only boat on this island where she lived was a motorboat.

The raft was anchored off her island, just below my island, so it didn't take me long to reach her. I jabbed the oars and grunted a lot. The boat seemed to be whirling in a circle. But finally I got close to the raft. Lying on her back, the way she was, she didn't see me. But when I tried to slide alongside, one of the oars stuck and the prow of my boat rammed the raft head-on. Her shoulders were jolted on the hard boards and she rolled over, startled as a crow.

"From the distance," I said, "you looked like a young, blonde goddess, but now that I have arrived I find you are only Kitty. Some letdown."

She sat up. "Joe!" she yelled, and then she started to laugh.

"What is so funny?" I said, grabbing the raft to steady the boat.

"You look terribly silly in a boat," she explained.

"Have you seen yourself in that cap?" I said.

She stood up and peeled the cap. Her hair flopped, shining yellow in the sun. I held grimly to the raft. Then she jumped and I thought we would both sink, but somehow she landed in the middle of the boat and nothing happened. She looked brown. She smelled wet. She kissed me.

"Reunion in a rowboat," I said. "I am extremely happy to see you, Kitty, but your bathing suit is wet and my clothes are dry, so please can you postpone your affections?"

KITTY is a very funny girl. We had carried on quite an attachment there before the war, but it never really got anywhere. She never fully approved of me. She said I lacked character which was her way of saying, really, that I wasn't enough of a two-fisted man to suit her. Personally I would rather be a ladies' man than a man's man. I prefer tailcoats to battle jackets and women in clinging gowns to women in khaki or green or blue uniforms. As a result of which, Kitty always said I was all right for a woman to bat around with but not to have children by.

I would have worn her down, though, if the war

hadn't come along. But it did. And to a girl with a hero complex like Kitty's got, a guy should rush right out the day after Pearl Harbor and enlist. I couldn't see it that way. I was ready when the draft board nodded my way, but until then I had plenty of things to do. I wasn't going off half-cocked to be a hero for Kitty.

She held it against me more and more as time went on and the draft board hadn't gotten to my number yet. As soon as the Marine Corps began enlisting women, Kitty went in, as a second lieutenant. I thought at the time, it was certainly the perfect outfit for a girl who was hero-happy.

Then I got drafted, and I wound up in the Marine Corps. But I never bumped into her, with her Washington duty. Two months out of boot camp, I was a PFC in a replacement draft and you figure out the rest. Now, finally, I was back and out — and so was she. I still had a bad case on that girl and I wanted to find out how she felt about me these days. . .

I HAD let go of the raft and we were drifting down the lake.

"What are you doing here?" Kitty asked. "You — at a lake!"

I explained, "Doc Holden describes it as a run-down condition. So I rented this place next to yours. I knew you were a civilian again. I figured you'd be opening this place up."

"Have you thought about me constantly, Joe?"

"Occasionally," I said. "I never fully replaced you after you enlisted. I had a good girl there for awhile but she always got sleepy about three in the morning, along with the orchestra. So how could we have any fun?"

"I know what you mean, I'm afraid," Kitty said. "I'm willing to take you back, Kit," I said. "If it isn't love, it still suits me fine."

"The same old Joe," Kitty said. "The Marine Corps failed to change you a bit. The trouble is, it seems I'm already going awfully steady."

I don't know if my chin sagged or my face fell or what. But I'm sure my face did not exactly remain a mask.

"Who is this eightball?" I asked her. "His name is Mark Wendell. I met him in the service. He was an Army captain but now he's a football coach at a little college somewhere in the Middle West."

"He would be a captain," I said with disgust. "He's devoted to me and I like it. You were never devoted. All you ever were was — well — just around. Mark is the solid, dependable type. The only thing I could ever depend upon you for was to order more drinks."

"And you were never fully grateful for it, either," I said.

Back on her island, a door banged shut. I nodded toward it. "Is that your hero over there? This ex-captain?"

"You're not funny, Joe."

"Is it the guy?"

"No," she said. "That's Charlie, the caretaker of the place. Mark is coming sometime tonight."

"Kitty," I said, "surely you are not serious about this football coach."

"I don't want to argue," she said. "Get your bathing suit. We'll have a swim."

"Bathing suit?" I said. "But where would I get one?"

She stared at me. "You mean you came to a lake for a vacation and you didn't bring one?"

"Look," I said, "for three days I have been lying under trees where it is cool and restful. I react antagonistically to sunshine and water."

She shook her head sadly.

"How could a woman love a man like that? Why you're just a pale creature, Joe, disguised in pants. No, the Marine Corps failed to do very much with you."

Now, Kitty can get all worked up about Nature but personally, I can't see it. Take this lake we were at, which is practically nothing but Nature. Sitting on her front porch, while Charlie the caretaker cooked us a meal and Kitty was up getting dressed, I analyzed it all. To be perfectly fair, I'll give it all the poetic touches it can stand, such as recording the ruffled ridge of the treetops on the distant shore of the mainland with the fistful of soapy white clouds floating by. It was pretty but I'd rather see those same clouds over Times Square with a skyscraper background. Kitty can't understand things like that.

Finally she walked out. She was wearing a yellow dress that had a flare, and no sleeves and a belt pulled tight — her kind of a dress. She sat down and started to put on lipstick. She looked very fresh and clean and I slid over and started to kiss her because she looked as though she should be.



# for Kitty



## A HERO FOR KITTY (continued)

But when I started to stretch it out, she stopped the proceedings.

"I've told you, Joe," she said. "Things aren't the way they used to be. Not any more."

"They certainly aren't," I said. "And I used to think once that if I asked you to marry me you would do it."

"Once, perhaps, I might have," she said. "Even though you were practically characterless. But now Mark's in the picture."

"The trouble with you," I said, "is you always wanted a hero. You were doped-off at me because I wasn't."—I started to feel through my pockets—"I seem to have mislaid all those medals I won in the war."

"I can imagine," she said.

long hike. It had looked like a bad storm, even before they left. There had been a sullenly hot sun all day and the water was as still as a creek. Charlie said these were sure signs. But they went, anyway.

In the afternoon, I rowed over to play a few games of checkers with Charlie, as that is my idea of strenuous exercise. I think it was around five when the storm broke, finally. You could see the wind sweep over that lake, making it corrugated in sections. The ripples turned into waves after a while, thumping against the shore. Then, white flecks topped the waves and the sky darkened and the thunder started.

They hadn't returned by seven. I wasn't worried, exactly, but I could see that it was almost as dark as night in the woods and I thought that they could

"He'll have to have a doctor," Kitty said. "The leg will have to be set immediately."

"Of course."

"You'll get one for him, won't you, Mark?" she asked.

"Sure. Just leave everything to me," he said.

I was excluded from this consultation. I walked to the window and looked out. The lake was a dark and dismal sight. You could only get a blurred outline of the mainland and sometimes, when a streak of lightning cracked the sky wide-open, you could see the whitecaps leaping.

"Joe," Mark said to me, "get the boat ready for me, will you? I'm going to the mainland for a doctor right-away."

"Okay," I said.



We didn't have too much to say while we ate. We had almost finished the meal when a light flashed through the window. There was a boat, we discovered, sloshing through the water from the mainland.

"It's Mark," Kitty said excitedly. "Someone's bringing him over. I'll go down to the dock. You—you can come if you want."

Naturally I didn't go. When Kitty brought him in, I saw he was one of these big, square guys who flaps around in tweeds. He had a smile with a monotonous quality about it that made you feel it was regulated by pressure from within. He dropped two thick suitcases.

"This is Joe Marshall," Kitty said. "He's staying on that other island over yonder."

His handshake was crushing—deliberately so. He said, "Terribly glad to know you, old man."

I paused to let the false overtones in his heartiness fall flat, for Kitty's benefit. But she didn't seem to notice.

Then I said, "Kitty tells me you're a football coach."

"Yes," he said. "I'm handling the team at De-catur. Played, have you?"

"No," I said. "I was always too heavy a smoker." Kitty snickered. "Joe specializes in inactivity, chiefly, Mark."

I let it pass. We talked for a while and finally Mark decided he'd like a dip in the lake. His idea of a dip turned out to be a swim to the mainland. He was just too rugged to live. Kitty asked him to lend me a pair of trunks—and then I got up in a hurry.

"Thanks a lot," I said, "but two-mile swims are not my forte."

I beat it.

I saw very little of them during the next few days. Mark took her on several all-day hikes, for one thing. His energy frightened me when I stopped to think about it. He swam the length of the lake several times. He chopped a pile of logs in the back yard. He cleared the "beach" of rocks and made a stone wall out of them. He even killed snakes. The guy never sat down. Virile was the word for Mark.

Kitty did most of these things with him and ordinarily she isn't that dynamic. I guess she liked it. Occasionally I went over, but I began to cut my visits short. Being on the short end of a triangle is simply a lousy situation.

That Saturday afternoon they went on another

have lost their sense of direction. So I decided to walk straight back a couple of miles and shout for them; then, if they were lost, they could get their bearings.

I hunted up an old raincoat in a closet and I started through the woods in the direction that Charlie said they'd taken in the morning. It was darker there than I'd thought. I kept sliding over logs and I heard trees crash now and then from the lightning. Finally, I reached a brook that was swollen. I tried to leap it and my foot slipped and I went down. Give me Madison Avenue any day, I thought.

When I finally met them, it was at the foot of what must have been a good-sized mountain. Kitty was limping. One of her arms was crooked around Mark's shoulder for support. I took off my coat and wrapped her in it while Mark explained the reason for their delay: she'd slipped and twisted her ankle.

As he paused, she broke in: "Don't tell me you came to rescue us, Joe darling?"

Then Mark laughed lightly and said: "The Marines to the rescue, eh?"

I did not laugh with them. It was dark and cold and the rain was pouring down me and I felt pretty miserable. I got a little bit sore; I guess all guys think they are rescuers at heart.

But I didn't say anything. We hiked back in silence. Inside the lodge, a fire was crackling in the fireplace. I poked through the box for a fresh log, but it was empty. I turned around and it dawned on me that something was missing. I looked at Kitty and Mark and all of a sudden I remembered—no Charlie. Charlie wasn't around.

I called his name. No answer.

"Where could he be?" Kitty said.

"Well," I said, "he was here..." My eyes stopped on the empty firewood box. "That's it, he went out for wood."

Some thunder crashed overhead.

Kitty said, "Mark, you'd better go and see that nothing has happened to Charlie. It's odd that he doesn't answer."

Mark went out and left us a few minutes. Then the kitchen door slammed shut and there were heavy footsteps on the floor. Mark walked in. He was carrying Charlie in his arms.

When he laid Charlie on the couch I saw that the little guy was out cold. Mark explored the small form with his fingers.

"A tree crashed," he said. "I think he's got a broken leg."

I glanced at Kitty but she was looking at Mark. This was certainly fine. The hero would remain behind a discreet moment while the heroine administered the final touches. I wanted to mention that I had a right to a fifty-fifty shot at being the hero. But then I remembered that I didn't even know how to operate a motorboat. Once an eight-ball, always an eight-ball.

I went outside. The wind was enough to spin you around, almost. I picked my way to the dock. But when I reached it, I couldn't see the boats, neither the motorboat nor my rowboat. I knew they'd been beached on the shore, alongside the dock.

Finally I spotted both boats. They were up the shore about 20 yards. They were loose and the waves were lashing into them, tossing them again and again into the rocks that jutted out of the shallow water.

I ran up the shore to look at them. They were half-full of water and more kept pouring in. The bottoms were half-ripped out. I turned and beat it back to the lodge.

On the porch, I tripped over something large and light. I bent down to see what it was. It turned out to be one of those inflated tubes people sometimes use for floating around in water. I stood there, twisting it in my hands for several minutes. Then I had a wonderful idea.

I lugged the tube inside and dropped it on a chair. I didn't see Kitty and Mark at first and then suddenly they came out of the kitchen. I explained about the boats.

"You couldn't move ten feet in either one without sinking," I said.

We all looked at Charlie who was curved into an unnatural position. Charlie was very still. I thought it was a good thing Charlie wasn't conscious enough to feel the pain that would have been there.

Kitty said, "You'll still go, won't you, Mark?"

He didn't reply. He walked to the window, looking moody.

"Charlie can't be left until morning," Kitty said, "without having that leg set."

He wheeled around. "You expect me to swim across?"

"But you swim miles every day, just for the fun of it," she said. "You know you can make it easily. You have often."

"I'd be taking a chance," he said. "I'd be a fool."

I entered the conversation, then.

"Sure you'd be a fool," I said. "All heroes are, aren't they?"

(continued on page 48)



# THE

# Trumpeter

The Marine officer and his horn

made many of the stops on the jungle circuit

from Guadalcanal to Tinian

by PFC Robert L. Klaus  
USMCR



IN THE full tide of battle, Marines on Guadalcanal, even in rear area rest camps, expected to hear almost anything at almost any time. The thump of enemy mortars falling short, the low whine of passing shells, the flat slap of a .25 caliber Jap bullet — these were the ordinary sounds. But when at dusk they heard the sharp, clear voice of a trumpet threading across the deepening sky, the blasé Marines stopped to listen.

Singly, in pairs, in groups of three, four and five, they approached the spot from which the sweet notes came. In a small clearing they found a husky, black-haired second lieutenant fingering through "Stardust" and "Deep Purple." Soon a hundred had gathered and before the evening's music session had ended many more squatted around the trumpet player. They shouted requests: "Night and Day," "Bugle Call Rag," even "The Flight of the Bumblebee."

The trumpet man was Carl Hoffman, 25-year-old Iowan, and his story is the story of a horn that traveled halfway around the world.

Hoffman, now a captain, began his musical career in civilian life, where he arranged music for orchestra leader Herbie Kay when that band had for its singer an unknown lass answering to Dorothy — Dorothy Lamour.

When things began to look bad, Hoffman decided to join the Marine Corps. He got his commission at basic school in Philadelphia, then was assigned to the Eighth Marines and sent to Samoa. He and his horn reported to Vitia, a small native village on the coast of Samoa. It was there that he started his twilight serenades. His performances were highly regarded by the natives who loved to listen to his music and thought him a great man for making such pretty sounds come from such a twisted piece of metal.

But, as often happens, there is an end to a perfect snow job. One day the chief of the village approached him and, through an interpreter, made known the fact that he, the chief, would like to take a crack at this magic. Hoffman consented and made a great show of turning the horn over to the chief. The chief regarded the horn thoughtfully for a moment, placed it to his lips and lightly fingered through several scales. Then he swung into a group of native melodies. Hoffman retrieved his horn and began to retreat. It was then explained to him the chief had attended school for six years in Hawaii and had played the trumpet as a hobby.

The chief, a progressive man, offered to make a deal. If Hoffman would teach him a certain number, the chief would teach him native songs. Hoffman agreed and soon was knocking out exotic South Sea melodies as though he had composed them himself. Every evening the chief played his latest accomplishment, a sorrowful bit: "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

During this pleasant interlude, Hoffman was sent to the 'Canal, where the evening melody hour was even more precious. Entertainment facilities had a very low priority there. But even this simple pleasure was sometimes interrupted by the appear-

ance of "Washing-Machine-Charlie," "One-Lung-Louie" or other characters of that type.

In February of 1943, Hoffman went to Wellington, New Zealand, for a rest. In that "down under" town he would sometimes visit a certain "nightery," the Majestic Club, and sit in with the orchestra at its request. He won an amateur contest staged in the Hotel Cecil hands down over some lively competition — acrobats, singers, ballet dancers, and one sharp fellow who ate glass.

In November, now a first lieutenant, he hit the beach at Tarawa. Just before going in he took the precaution of putting his horn in a machine gun cart, where he felt it would be reasonably safe. He was hit and sent down to the beach for evacuation to a hospital ship. One of his men volunteered to run several hundred yards down the beach, searched furiously through the machine gun carts and finally came up with the trumpet. Although in pain and under the influence of morphine, the lieutenant cried when he saw the horn glistening in the tropical sun, safe, untouched and unmarred amidst death and devastation.

Hoffman's injuries required that he be sent to a hospital at Camp Tarawa in Hawaii. Most of his convalescent time he spent playing tunes for bedridden patients. He found a major and a sergeant who could play the piano and he and one of the other of them would visit various hospitals, giving out with request numbers.

The next stop for Hoffman, who by this time had attained his present rank, was Saipan. Before they hit the beach, a battalion doctor, worried about the possible fate of the only source of music, offered to carry Captain Hoffman's trumpet in an ambulance jeep.



The jeep was hit and stranded some 25 yards offshore. The next day an Army doctor, in search of medical supplies, dug into the wreckage and emerged with the horn. He carried it away as a souvenir, never dreaming of the anguish he was causing.

The captain, meanwhile, had been wounded again, and was detained at a hospital for several days. When he was released he went in search of his horn. He had heard about the doctor's find. There were plenty of hospitals on the island and even more doctors. But he wasn't going to relinquish his horn easily. He hitchhiked all over the island, stopping at each hospital and medical tent to ask if anyone had found a trumpet.

He expected at any minute to be settled comfortably in a psycho ward. But perseverance gained its reward. On the third day he walked into a hospital and found four members of its staff engaged in a poker game.

"Anybody around here seen a trumpet?" he asked.

"Yep," replied one of the men.

"Do you know where it is now?" Capt. Hoffman asked, hope rising in him.

"Yep."

"Well, where is it?"

"In the next room."

The poker player, an Army doctor, arose and went into the next room. He returned a few moments later with the trumpet in its odd-shaped case.

"This it?" he asked.

"Yes, that's it," Capt. Hoffman cried.

"Well, you can have it if you'll play something for us."

Capt. Hoffman played three numbers and walked out of the hospital with the horn tucked snugly under his arm.

Before long he and his horn had a new destination. It was Tinian. But this time the captain was playing it safe. No more of those close calls for him. He left the trumpet in the care of a corpsman who was staying behind with a rear echelon unit. The corpsman vowed faithfully to guard it with his life, and to bring it along with him to Tinian later.

When things had quieted down to a mere few hundred snipers, Hoffman, tired of patrols, decided to radio for his horn. True to his word the corpsman hitched a ride aboard a plane and brought the horn to Tinian. No one was at the airfield to meet him so he set out on foot, caught rides on jeeps and trucks and finally reached the captain's tent.

With a fine feeling for the dramatic he walked in, unannounced, set the horn on the table in front of the captain and said simply:

"Here it is."

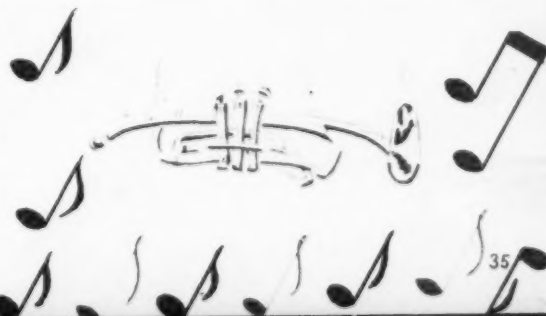
Capt. Hoffman practiced diligently and finally one day a name band from the States arrived at Tinian to put on a show. Some of Hoffman's men approached the band leader, convinced him of their CO's horn-toting proficiency and asked that he be allowed to play with the orchestra. The band leader agreed and Capt. Hoffman found himself sitting in on the show.

Soon after this, he and his horn left the Pacific, in charge of 160 returning Marines. Aboard the transport a Marine anti-aircraft unit formed a band and invited the captain to join them. They used the ship's loud-speaker and put on a half-hour show each day at noon.

The Captain reported to Marine Air Infantry School in Quantico, where he is now an instructor.

The horn has a history, aside from its Pacific duty. It is a French Selmer, one of the last French Selmers to be exported from France before the Nazis turned the factory into a munitions plant. French Selmers are rare instruments, difficult to obtain. Although he has received many offers for his trumpet, the captain prefers to hang onto it. It's more like an overseas buddy than a musical instrument.

That is the story of Capt. Carl Hoffman and the horn which started in France, toured the Pacific and now has settled down in the United States. **END**



# reunion in frisco

**F**OR Technical Sergeant Raymond Eccles, a China Marine, the war with Japan began on 24 November 1941, and it did not end until 20 March 1946. Pearl Harbor and the signing of the peace aboard the *USS Missouri* to him are but incidental, though important, dates.

On 24 November 1941, Eccles, then a staff sergeant in the Marine garrison at Peking, knew war was near and sent his beautiful Eurasian bride of two days back to the safety of the International Settlement in Shanghai. He did not know that they both were to be prisoners of the Japanese, nor did he know that it would be four years, four months and four days before they were to meet again.

Theirs is a romance that might have been written by the late Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., master teller of tales about Marines in China.

Raymond Eccles enlisted in the Corps on March 5, 1934. He was 18 years old and two weeks out of high school. He wanted adventure. He found it

in a hurry. Three weeks after he entered boot camp in San Diego he was shipped to China, where replacements were needed in the famed and colorful Legation Guard at Peking.

Private Eccles looked upon North China and liked what he saw. For there are the Western Hills and beyond the Western Hills is the Great Wall of China. In Peking he found the Imperial City with its red plastered walls, and the purple walls of the Forbidden City. Peking, the city of Kublai Khan, had the same fascination for this 18-year-old Marine that it had had for a Venetian lad more than six centuries before. Here it was that Marco Polo had found the Great Khan.

Pvt. Eccles served with the Legation Guard for 11 months. Then he was laid low by typhus fever and pneumonia, and learned that to live in China one must live wisely. He was lucky to survive this siege. When he did recover he was transferred, on a doctor's order, to the Fourth Marines in Shanghai.

It was there that he found Margaret Silver. Eccles often played basketball at the Navy YMCA in

Shanghai. So did the Erin Villa girls club. It was there that Eccles first saw Margaret, who was then 16. Hers was the delicate beauty of fine porcelain. She was tiny and lovely. It was love at first sight for Pvt. Eccles.

Margaret Silver is the daughter of a British customs patrol official and his Cantonese wife. Like most daughters of cultured families in China, she has, by Occidental standards, a remarkable education. She speaks English and French, Cantonese and Mandarin, and she can get along fairly well in Russian, Portuguese and Japanese. There is warmth and personality in her soft British accent. She also likes Coca Cola, which was a break for Pvt. Eccles, since that is how he met her.

While Eccles knew that he was in love, he knew, too, that it would require quite a campaign to win the vivacious Margaret. He would have to wait a long time before they could be married. Shanghai duty was good duty, so he didn't mind waiting. Besides, there wasn't much he could do about it.

There was — and is — much to do in Shanghai, which is one of the world's truly cosmopolitan cities. The rate of exchange made even a private relatively well off. The food was good. The liquor was better. A good fight could be had for the asking, and sometimes without having to ask. One of the best of these was staged via the Shanghai radio,

which played recordings and dedicated them upon request. When England's King Edward VIII abdicated his throne on 11 December 1936, to marry Wallis Simpson, the Marines asked the Shanghai

radio to play "My Kingdom for a Kiss," dedicating it to the British Seaforth Highlanders, then stationed in Shanghai. That started a wonderful brawl. Ask any Shanghai Marine why the Shanghai radio was asked to dedicate the song, "Empty Saddles," to the crew of the *USS Augusta* every time the *Augusta* left port.

So Eccles was having a fine time and making good progress in his campaign to win Margaret when his 30 months tour of duty ended.

He was returned Stateside in February of 1937 and it was good to be home again, in a way. But after a few weeks Eccles applied for China duty, for an obvious reason whose name was Margaret.

It took him six months, though, and it was not until September that he was assigned to the Sixth Marines for that legendary trip to Shanghai on which, the story goes,

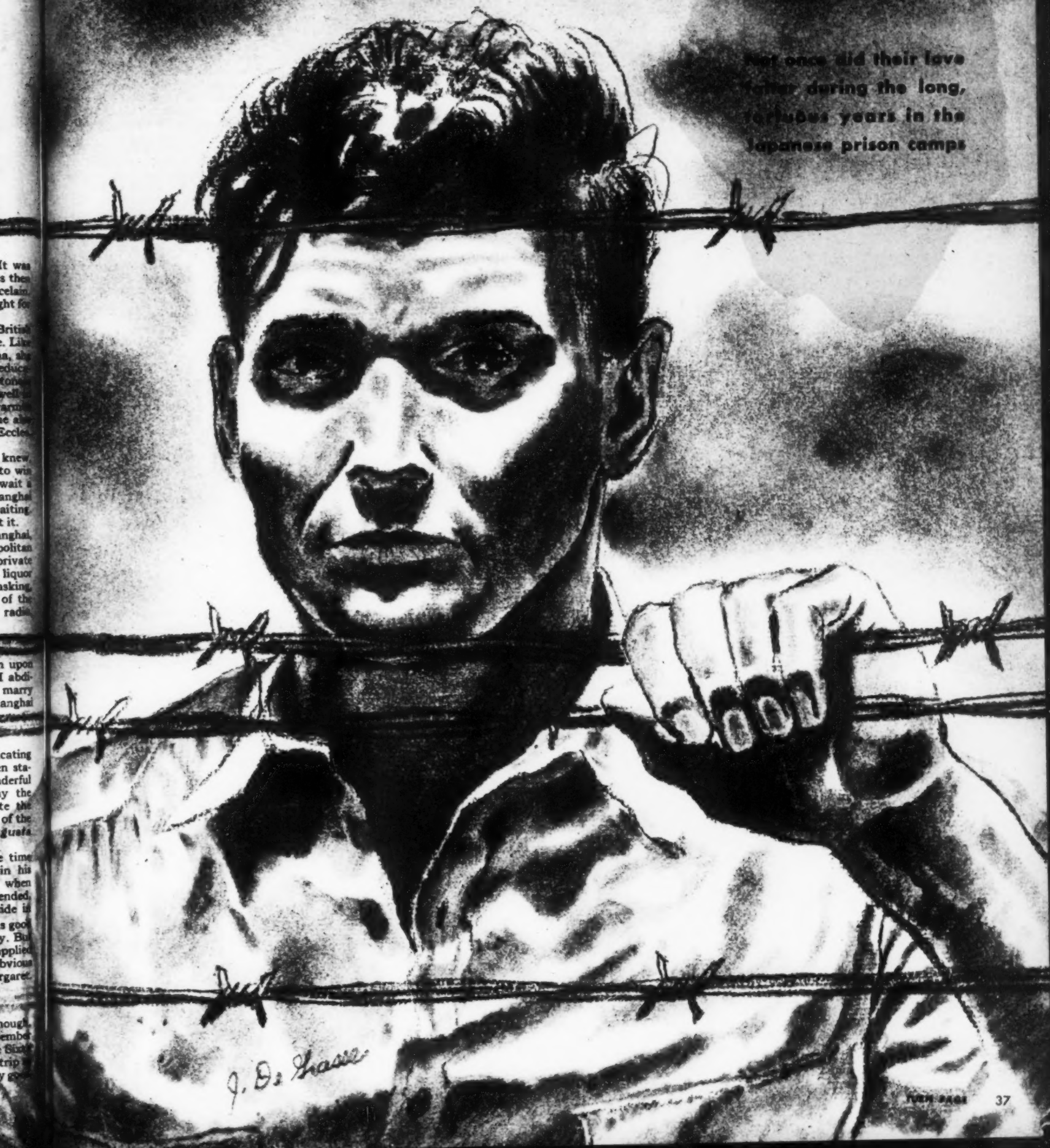


by Corp. Leonard Riblett  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



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Not once did their love  
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torrid years in the  
Japanese prison camps



*J. D. Shaver*

## REUNION IN FRISCO (continued)

52,000 bars of candy and only one bar of soap were sold to the Marines.

"I bought the soap," says Eccles.

Even the shavetails were seasick on the voyage and by the time the Sixth reached Shanghai, Eccles decided that he had had enough. Three days after they landed he was back with the Fourth and three months later he was engaged to Margaret.

In those days China Marines were discouraged from marrying unless they were in the staff pay grade or higher. Margaret, then 19, was still in school, so Eccles concentrated on those extra stripes. He was still trying when his first cruise ended. He extended for two years.

But in 1940 he again headed Stateside and on March 6

At 1300 Colonel W. W. Ashurst officially surrendered. There was nothing else he could do. They had but one case of ammunition, since the garrison had been preparing to move. Eccles says they would have fought with empty beer bottles had Col. Ashurst given the order. They were confident the war would last but a few months and they jeered the pessimist who hinted it would be six months before Japan was crushed. They had seen the Jap soldier and compared him to the China Marine. They underestimated the Jap and they did not know how badly the United States had been crippled at Pearl Harbor. Nor did they know that in the overall Allied strategy the war in Europe was to have top priority.

The Marines were kept in Peking for three weeks. Their captors, soldiers of the regular Jap garrison, treated them decently. Even their personal effects were untouched. Then, with the rest of the North China Marines, they were sent to Tientsin. For the month they were there they were treated with respect, even being granted liberty to attend shows. But this was not to last, for on 1 February 1942, the prisoners were transferred to Shanghai.

On the trip south their new guards were arrogant and the Marines began to realize what it really meant to be prisoners of war. Their spirits remained high, especially at Soochow. There, while waiting for the train, the Marines marched through the city. It was something of a show for the Japanese, but it had its moments. As they passed a Chinese music shop the proprietor played a record of the Marine Hymn. The Chinese knew that stirring march and knew it well. The Jap guards didn't recognize it.

But when the prisoners heard the familiar march they stepped out with heads high for as snappy a parade as ever was seen in China.

In the Woosung prison camp at Shanghai were 1500 men. Among them were Major James Devereux and his Marines from Wake Island. There, too, were the Wake civilians. There were Britons and Koreans, crewmen from the British gunboat *Petrel* and crews from merchant ships. It was a strange collection of men.

Sgt. Eccles was in this camp for more than two years. But he was never ill, as were so many of the others, because he had lived in China and knew how to live in China. Some of the prisoners ate raw vegetables or drank water that had not been boiled. Some would not protect themselves from mosquitoes.

A few of the prisoners just gave up hope and quit. But not Eccles. Margaret was in Shanghai, five miles away, and before she too was interned in 1943, she sent him soap and calcium tablets. Her letters, which were limited to one a month, constantly admonished him to be careful of his health and to keep as clean as possible.

"Always remember you are an American," she warned. "Never let yourself go."

By her courage she added to her husband's strength. This courage never failed, even after she was interned.

The prisoners at Woosung were fed as little as possible and forced to do as much heavy work as possible. They built a mountain that was to have been a Japanese shrine. It was 13 meters high and required a year and a half to build. In addition to the large mountain there were nine smaller ones. Instead of becoming a Jap shrine the whole thing became a rifle range.

The courage of American prisoners of war is well-known. The sabotage they performed is legendary. It was true at Shanghai, as elsewhere. The incline railway was wrecked; tools were broken. Progress was slowed as much as possible.

There was one Jap that Eccles and scores of others vowed to kill if ever they had the chance. He was the senior civilian interpreter, Isamu Ishihara, whom they dubbed the "Beast of the East." He was fond of beating the prisoners with his riding crop. The "water cure" was another of his favorite tortures. He invented needlessly cruel punishments, but mental torture was what he preferred. Mail was delivered every six weeks and if a man received too many letters the "Beast of the East" would keep them. One prisoner was severely beaten be-

cause his wife showed too much affection in her letters. Ishihara forced the unfortunate husband to ask his wife not to write so endearingly and to tell her that Ishihara did not like to read such letters. Even the Japs hated this man. They said he was mad.

Once a week "Front Day" was held. On this day Ishihara exhorted the prisoners to "make yourselves suffer because your buddies in the front lines are suffering." This treatment was not designed to raise the morale of the prisoners, many of whom had never had a chance to fight the Japs.

(Editor's Note. In Shanghai on March 7, 1946, bespectacled Isamu Ishihara, the former Honolulu schoolteacher called the "Beast of the East," was convicted of torturing American prisoners of war while serving as an interpreter at the Woosung and Kiangwan prison camps. He was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.)

Because Eccles had had lengthy China duty, knew the ways of the Chinese and could speak their language, he was able to help buy additional food for the underfed camp. Articles of clothing were bartered for eggs and other necessities. American money was exchanged on the black market. Some of the men were caught and tortured in an effort to make them reveal the ringleaders. Only one man ever talked, and he was not a Marine. Eccles was never caught. But despite the extra food and medicines obtained on this black market it was not enough. Many of the men sickened and died.

Eccles says the men at Shanghai were among the luckiest prisoners of war because the Japs permitted deliveries of two Red Cross trucks a month. Occasionally, Red Cross packages from home were brought. Their own doctors were allowed to treat the prisoners.

There were the usual mass punishments. Slappings were frequent, though these were more humiliating than painful. The men in Woosung had better treatment than prisoners in other camps, for the most part. One reason for this was that their captors were men of a peacetime garrison. A second reason was Major Luther A. Brown, who wrote "The Marine's Handbook." Major Brown, who always was fighting to improve the lot of his men, was at the Jap throat whenever a man was beaten.

The major could—and would—quote international law at the slightest violation of rules for treatment of prisoners of war. The Marines respected him as an officer and swore by him as a man. They would have followed him into hell. The Marines refused to bow to their captors and they seldom saluted. They were well-treated by one Japanese doctor called Shindo and, says Sgt. Eccles, "Any man in the camp would buy him a beer." He was one Jap that would look away, or drop his head, to show he did not expect a prisoner to salute him. But there were others who were vicious sadists. Among these was one called "Shuffle Foot," and another, who loved the music of Beethoven, had "Dirty Neck" for a nickname.

Although it was useless to try, there were attempts to escape. A charged fence around the camp killed several men. One prisoner, a civilian, was shot dead by a Japanese sentry. The Japs took his body outside the fence, photographed it and thus "proved" he had been trying to escape. The sentry was then transferred to another camp.

In June of 1944, when the war had gone into reverse for Japan, the prisoners were transferred to the Shanghai race track to bury huge stores of oil and gasoline that had been confiscated from Allied oil companies. They stayed there for nearly a year. From the grapevine to be found in any prison they learned something of the progress of the war. They had heard of the Superforts, but it was not until Armistice Day, 1944, that they saw them.

THAT was a wonderful day for the prisoners in Shanghai. The B-29s came in high and when those proud giants loosed their bombs there was not a prisoner who was not cheering. The Jap antiaircraft fire failed to reach the Superforts. But the Superforts reached the Japs. Any diversion was welcome at Kiangwan, and one of these was "Photo Joe," a P-38 recon plane that came over daily. The prisoners soon were watching for Photo Joe and could spot him long before the Japanese could. It was not long before the Japs were watching the prisoners and when they saw that they had seen the P-38 they would sound the air raid alarm.

The men in Kiangwan first saw the North Ameri-



Reunion and war's end

was discharged, planning to return to China as a civilian so that

he and Margaret could be married. Margaret did not wish to leave China so Eccles planned to enter business and make Shanghai his home.

At that time a Chinese would sign over his business to an American to gain the protection of the United States flag. Eccles did not figure on the State Department, which was refusing passports to China because it was a war zone. He discovered this while working for passage money at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant in Burbank. There was only one way for Eccles to get back, so in September, 1940, he re-enlisted, and the following January was on his way. He tried to make Shanghai but was sent, instead, to Peking. Three weeks later Margaret moved to Peking to live with relatives.

Eccles had made buck sergeant by then, but in November earned his first stripe down. Although they knew war was certain—every Marine in China knew this, and had known it for months—he and Margaret were married on November 22. Two days later he sent her to Shanghai, over her indignant protests.

The days that followed were hectic for the Marines in Peking. Most of their weapons and ammunition had been sent to the Philippines. Officers were in the radio and decoding room day and night. It was only a question of hours before the war the China Marines knew was inevitable—and for which the Marine Corps had been preparing—would break out. On December 8 the warning came by radio. All hands knew what Pearl Harbor meant to the small garrison. So everyone ordered double portions of waffles and sausage for breakfast, figuring this might be their last good meal for a long time. Then they waited.



can Mustangs on Easter Sunday, 1945, and those speedy fighters broke up their ball game. They cheered as if insane when the American planes shot up everything in sight. They would have cheered more had they known that at the same moment American forces were invading Okinawa. The prisoners now knew more of the truth about the war situation, for new prisoners in the camp were fliers shot down over China. These new men suffered the most, for the Japs, in their impotent hatred of American air strength, really worked them over.

In May of 1945, the invasion-jittery Japs moved the prisoners to Korea. It was a terrible journey. Fifty men were jammed in one boxcar, the doors of which were left open. Barbed wire was strung the width of the car on each side of the open doorways.

The men had to sleep in shifts. It was bitterly cold. The food was vile — when there was any food. Thus they made the long journey north. From Korea they were shipped across the straits to Hokkaido. American fighter planes were attacking all trains and all shipping, for there was nothing to indicate they were transporting prisoners. And if there had been, there would have been no assurance that it was not a subterfuge. Once across the straits they were again jammed into trains, this time 135 men to one boxcar. In Tokyo they were stoned by the fear-crazed Japanese populace.

The sight of smashed and still-burning towns was a beautiful sight to these men who had been captives for three years and more. They knew, then, that the war could not last much longer. That knowledge gave them strength. They needed that strength. Their treatment was brutal. They had no medical

(continued on page 57)



"... There were the usual mass punishments. Slappings were frequent, though these were more humiliating than painful"

# WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Bill Farrell



Seems like old times for ex-Marine Willard Pedrick as he moves his family into a cosy Quonset hut, one of a number erected by Chicago's Northwestern University for its returning servicemen

## Pipe Dream

Opportunity is usually spoken of as something that knocks only once. Actually, it rarely knocks at all. It creeps up on you silently, in some sort of disguise. One day in Peiping, for instance, the Marine sergeant was walking along an icy, wind-swept street, minding his own business and thinking about the problem that was bothering him and his buddies in the First Marine Division Public Information Office.

It was: should they keep warm with the help of the two stoves they'd acquired: or should they freeze to death? Using the stoves wasn't quite as cosy and simple as it sounds. They had no stovepipes to carry off the dense clouds of soggy smoke which North China wood gave off when it "burned." They had tried all over the city to pick up tinware. Lighting the stoves without using pipe meant risking death by asphyxiation.

Then came Opportunity. It wore the simple, amiable guise of two coolies.

The coolies were carrying several lengths of new, perfectly good stovepipe. The sergeant stared longingly. One of the coolies came up to him and presented a card on which someone had written an address in English.

"You tell where is, please?" asked the Chinese politely.

The sergeant looked. The address was to him, as to the coolie, undecipherable. Then he recognized Opportunity, through its disguise.

"I," said the sergeant, using both sign language and the actual words, "just happen to be going that way. Follow me."

Several minutes later he strode into the Division Public Information Office, and to the utter astonishment of several fellow workers, directed two coolies to attach several sections of stovepipe to two unit stoves. The coolies contentedly complied, and departed.

"It was really a pipe," he told his companions.

## "Next of Kin" Addresses

An appeal to the next of kin of deceased service personnel that they send in their current mailing address if they've moved since receiving their official notice, has been made in a joint release by the Marine

Corps, Navy, Army and Coast Guard.

The correct address should be sent to:

Commandant  
United States Marine Corps (Casualty Section)  
Navy Department  
Washington 25, D. C.

It is the intention of the services to learn the wishes of the next of kin as to the ultimate disposition of the remains of the deceased. If so desired, the remains will be brought back to the United States for burial either in a national cemetery or in a private one selected by the family.



Senator David I. Walsh is an intent listener as General Vandegrift testifies at a merger hearing

## Take a Bow, Maties

A new and much-read champion of the Corps was discovered in the daily press a few days after the Commandant, General A. A. Vandegrift, made his stirring appeal to the Senate Naval Affairs Committee opposing the merger of the armed forces.

In his daily column, which appears in numerous newspapers, Henry McLeome, who served as an enlisted soldier in the Pacific during the war, assured the general that the Marine Corps cannot be scuttled.

Here is a reprint of the column:

"General Vandegrift, quit your worrying. Fret no more. Perhaps you were right when you said 'the War

Department is determined to reduce the Marine Corps to a position of studied military ineffectiveness,' and that 'the Army sought to relegate it to ceremonial functions, small combat formations and labor troops.'

"Perhaps the War Department has such notions in its head, but it won't succeed. It hasn't a prayer. The War Department might just as well try to put over a program that calls for the filling-in of the Grand Canyon, the refusal to allow citizens to look at Niagara Falls, or something else that would spoil one of our natural wonders.

"The Marine Corps, general, is one of our natural wonders. How well you know that. How well every citizen of the United States knows that. There is nothing more

magnificent than courage, and the Marine Corps has courage in abundance. There is nothing more stirring than the sight of a man ready to give his all for his country, and the Marine Corps is made up of such men.

"Speaking as an infantryman, nothing was more inspirational to the fighting men of this country in their battle against Japan and Germany than the record, past and present, of the United States Marine Corps. All of us who didn't belong to the Marines — infantrymen, engineers, sailors, seaboys, and whatnot — drew strength and willingness to do a little better than our best from the men who are called Leathernecks. We wanted to make ourselves just as tough, just as capable, as the Marines.

"That builds morale, General Vandegrift. It builds it more than all the moving pictures ever shown, all the USO shows that ever danced and pranced, all the free shaving cream and razor blades passed out for free.

"What War Department — and you can name your land — would by any action reduce the Marine song from a song of fighting men to a waltz that was played on juke boxes, and danced to by flighty bobby-soxers and their hubba-hubba escorts? Can you imagine the Marine Corps reduced to such a state that when an American heard 'From the Halls of Monteruma to the Shores of Tripoli,' he thought of a dance hall? Damn it, those are the words of fighting men. Those are words that raise the hackles, and have nothing to do with masters of ceremonies, soft lights and gentle, love-making speeches.

"General, if the War Department should happen to go completely crazy — and, judging by past performances, it is possible — I want to ask the men who make up the War Department to build several monuments which will make their shame last through the ages. I want to ask them to go to Tarawa — on a free air junket, of course, with a steward to serve them wine and food in flight — and make it a sort of Coney Island. I want ferris wheels provided for the fathers and mothers and sweethearts of the Marines who came in through the surf and over the coral, with nothing but mortars and machine guns to welcome them.

"Finally, I want them to go to Iwo Jima, and, as they fly over the now-placid beach, look down and see if they can imagine what it was like when the Marines went in.

"It is mighty easy to sit behind a desk in Washington, with nothing to do but push a few buttons and bawl out a few subordinates. It is so easy, in fact, that a Marine wouldn't have the job."

## Food, It's Fascinating

Everybody talks about food, but it takes the quartermaster to do something about it. Having received a rather detailed communication from the Army quartermaster outfit, we are in a position to describe the type of ration that fighting men are likely to receive under desperate conditions.

It will be called the E ration, will contain about 3300 calories for the day's supply, and will include six cans and two little packages. Interestingly enough, the Army has been asking combat veterans what kind of food they prefer in the field, and it is believed that this new ration will meet their wishes. It includes the most palatable items of the old K ration, plus bread and fruit, and contains tablets for heating the meat components.

Two of the six cans in the group will contain meat: pork or beef and beans, frankfurters and beans, meat and noodles, or ground meat and spaghetti, chicken and vegetables, hamburgers, pork and rice, ham and Lima beans, or beef stew. Efforts will be made to give each man as great a variety as possible.

Two more cans will contain jam, coffee, cocoa, cereal, sandwich cookie, sugar, synthetic fruit beverage and a biscuit. The remaining cans will hold bread and fruit, respectively. In the accompanying packages will be cigarettes, matches, chewing gum, toilet paper, salt, heat tablets, wooden spoons and candy-coated tablets of some unspecified function. Altogether, the ration is intended to make up three meals, and two sugared beverages, for drinking between meals.



## Deep Six

Robert Finch, a 20-year-old student of Occidental College, Los Angeles, was a top winner in the finals of a national oratorical contest held in Boston in early May. His speech on "Andrew Jackson, Seventh President of the United States," carried off a prize of a \$1000 Victory Bond, and a trip from Boston to New Orleans, where the general won fame before becoming President. Finch served as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps.

Tall and broad-shouldered, a Marine PFC stood out strongly in a crowd of swarming, squealing Chicago bobby-soxers. The little girls were there to swoon, and the Marine had come to see them do it. Someone asked him how he happened to be present.

"Look, Mac," he said, grinning, "I didn't believe this when I read about it on Saipan. I just wanted to see for myself. Now I know."

During the period from December 7, 1941, until April 30, 1946, a total of 854 men and three women were given dishonorable discharges from the Marine Corps. In the same period, 1734 men and 26 women were given bad conduct discharges.

Strength of the Marine Corps has been set at 160,548, according to the latest figures released by Marine Corps Headquarters. On a breakdown of this total, 149,162 were listed as enlisted personnel and 11,386 as officers.

### Book on USS Miami

Copies of the book telling the story of the part played by the *USS Miami* in the war are available now. Publication date was set for about July 15.

Marines who served aboard the cruiser and who want copies should send in their applications before August 15, to: Editor, *USS Miami*, F.P.O., San Francisco, Cal. The price is \$4.50 a copy. Checks or money orders should accompany requests.



PFC Hart has a foot and a half on his buddy, PFC Vuillier. Hart also has a foot and a half

### Long and Short of the Corps

Certainly the tallest, and probably the shortest, Marines in the Corps were stationed together at the Marine Barracks at Eighth and I Streets, Washington, D. C.

If Private First Class Edward M. Hart, who stands six feet, seven inches in his bare feet, isn't the tallest man in the Corps, we'd like to know who is. Hart, born in Kingsville, Texas, is only 20, but already he wears size 16½ shoes. He says unabashedly that it was because of his feet that he wasn't sent overseas. They couldn't get bootdockers big enough to fit him.

Enlisting in July, 1944, Hart went through Parris Island. Up until he left boot camp he wore his civilian shoes. At present he is band storeroom keeper at the barracks which houses the famous Marine Band. He's from East St. Louis, Ill.

Private First Class Lurn A. Vuillier, 19, who was stationed at Eighth and I, before being transferred to Quantico, stands only five feet, three and a half inches tall. To make the contrast more marked, he wears a six-and-a-half shoe.

### Semper Fidelis

Thirty-three years ago Hans G. Hornbostel was a young first sergeant of Marines, stationed on Guam. He met and fell in love with the daughter of a former Prussian army officer on the island. But courtship was difficult, for the old Prussian resented an enlisted man's attention to his child. The girl, however, viewed things differently. When her father sought to send her away, beyond reach of the sergeant, she escaped, and swam to a rendezvous. She married the Marine in a ceremony performed by a Navy chaplain.

This was a marriage that lasted. The couple went into civilian life, doing research in the islands of the Pacific. Then the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor and for awhile swept everything before them. The Hornbostels at this time were in the Philippines, and though he was around 60 years old, Hornbostel obtained a captain's commission in the Army engineers. He served with a unit of combat engineers, and despite his age he survived the Bataan death march. Like her husband, Mrs. Hornbostel was taken prisoner, and held in a camp in the Philippines; there she contracted leprosy.

Today the former sergeant is a major. He has asked to be allowed to stay with his wife, though that means residing in the Federal Leprosarium in Carville, La. Her courage matches his, for she plans to get well, and soon.

### Willie the Great

The camp area occupied by one Marine Bombing Squadron in the southern Philippines boasted pets of all sizes and shapes but there was one monkey who stood head and tail above his fellows. Willie was the unchallenged comedian of his particular species.

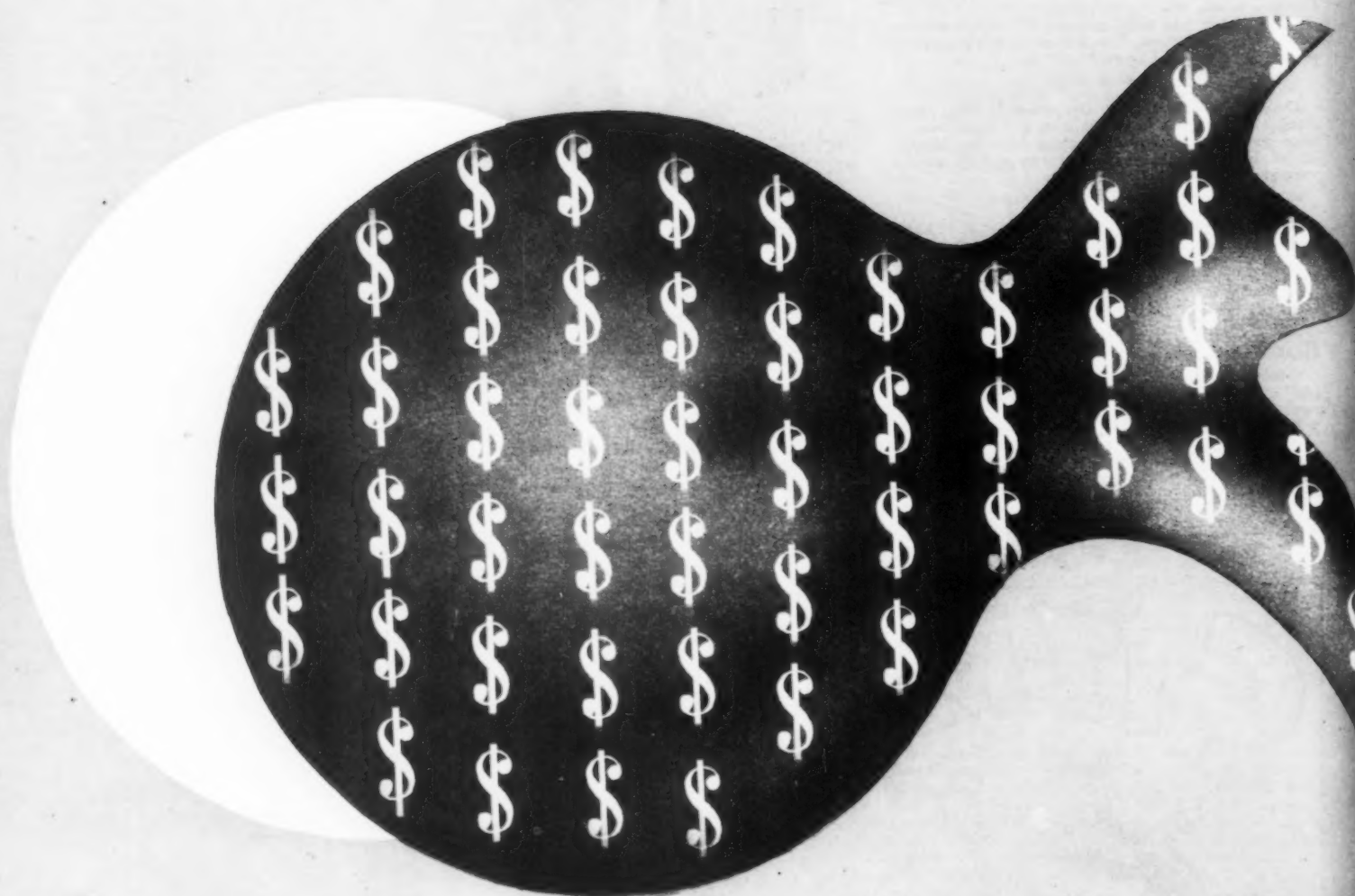
Willie belonged to no one in particular, possibly because no one would put up with him. He had both the saddest and most innocent face you'd ever seen. He would lumber along on all fours with his 18-inch tail dragging on the ground behind him. Because his hind legs were much longer than his forelegs, his stern was always thrown high into the air.

Despite his sad sack appearance, Willie fancied himself an aristocrat. More than once he was seen to sneer and turn away upon being offered a piece of Spam.

(continued on page 58)



# billions for



**1** Seek out the property that you want to buy



**2** Go to a bank or to any other lending business



**3** Present your plan and original discharge paper

4



# postwar plans

Arthur E. Mielke  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY Corp. TONY ZAMBELLA  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**S**O YOU want to make a loan. This theme, in one form or another, each day is echoed and re-echoed in thousands of lending agencies throughout the country.

Veterans who spent long periods in the service and who now wish to retire to that little grey home in the West, or start up in business, are finding the loan-guaranteeing service of the Veterans Administration the necessary step for transition to real civilian life. When this article was written, an average of over 4000 veterans were each week obtaining guaranteed loans to buy homes, farms or businesses.

It's comparatively simple to get a VA-guaranteed loan. First, the veteran must find a home, farm or business. Second, he must go to a bank, to any other lending agency, or even to an individual who has money to lend, and present his plan, together with his original discharge paper. Then it's out of his hands.

The prospective lender sends a VA-approved appraiser to look over the property. If this appraiser's estimate is in line with the asking price, the loan application and certain forms are sent to the VA for the guarantee. Finally, the applicant is informed of the verdict.

The appraiser is generally an independent businessman named to an appraiser panel by the VA. He is the representative of the Veterans Administration in the field. He agrees to it that the government agency is backing a sound business venture. On his judgment rests the fate of the loan guarantee. If he thinks the veteran is being overcharged, he does not recommend granting of the loan.

If the asked-for price is out of line with the appraiser's estimate, the VA so informs the property owners. Occasionally these property owners will reduce their asking price to conform with the estimate. By March 9, this advice had resulted in the saving of almost \$700,000 for 2053 veterans.

The VA has been both praised and condemned for this appraising policy. Critics claim the VA uses it as a means of keeping down the number of loans it must guarantee. The opposition contends that the service reduces the number of "bad buys" made by recently discharged veterans.

It should be understood that the VA does not grant loans. It does not have this power, but it may, in effect, promise a lender that if a GI borrower defaults in his payments on a loan, it will repay the amount it guaranteed. This varies with the property that is being purchased. The VA will guarantee half the face amount up to a maximum of \$4000 on real estate. Non-real estate loans may be guaranteed up to a maximum of \$2000 on the same basis.

In addition to underwriting the loan, the VA pays the lender, for credit on the loan, an amount equal to 4 per cent of the amount of guarantee used, for the first year. This is a gift and need not be repaid by the veteran. Interest on real estate loans may not exceed 4 per cent if they are to obtain the VA's sanction. On other loans it may run as high as, but must not exceed, 5.7 per cent.

Authority to guarantee loans was granted the VA by the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, the so-called GI Bill of Rights. The latest word on this highly controversial subject is in the amended bill which passed Congress and was signed by the President on December 26, 1945.

The bill provides that all veterans who served 90 days on active duty on or after September 16, 1940, and prior to the end of the present war, and who received discharges other than dishonorable, are eligible for this guarantee. In addition, any serviceman who was discharged, thus becoming eligible for the loan service, and who subsequently returns to the service, also qualifies for this and other benefits of the GI Bill.

The guarantee may be obtained for loans to:

- Buy a home.
- Build a home.
- Repair, alter, or improve a home

**Many veterans have already made loans; millions more will**

- Buy a farm, livestock, equipment, supplies, or be used as working capital.
- Construct a farmhouse or other buildings on a farm.
- Repair, alter, or improve farmhouses or outbuildings.
- Improve farm land or equipment.
- Conduct farming operations.
- Purchase stock in a cooperative association where the purchase of such stock is required

by federal law in connection with obtaining a farm loan.

- Buy a business.
- Buy a building or land for business purposes.
- Buy business supplies and inventory.
- Buy machinery, tools and equipment for operating a business.
- Construct, repair or improve a business building or personal property.
- Employ as working capital for a business.

By early May, a total of more than 133,000 loans, representing over 600 million dollars, had been granted. These included 120,000 for homes; 4000 for farms; and 9000 for businesses. An additional 42,000 loans were pending.

Out of the 133,000 loans, only 99 had defaulted on payments necessitating the repayment of some \$86,000 by the VA. On the other side of the ledger, 600 have repaid the loans in full—a sum of over two million dollars.

Contrary to the common impression, less than 13,000 requests for loans, or about 9 per cent of the total made, were not granted.

Various communities have set up their own loan assistance groups for veterans. In Huntington, West Virginia, a committee of prominent townsmen was formed for the purpose of interviewing and advising prospective borrowers. This committee has done excellent work in weeding out veterans who obviously have poor investments in mind. Others it has helped along. This system has proved so satisfactory that it has been recommended by the American Bankers Association for adoption in other cities.

Despite all efforts of the administration, certain irregularities do creep in. A housing project in South Carolina, built by an authorized lender, is one example of that. Eighty houses were built for sale at \$5850 each. An appraiser approved the price. However, the VA loan guarantee regional officer questioned this judgment and transmitted his suspicions to the chief appraiser, Asa B. Groves, in Washington, D. C.

Groves wasted no time. He picked up three approved appraisers and went to the scene. After a minute examination and appraisal Groves and his assistants concurred with the regional officer. They declared the homes worth no more than \$5400, and then only after certain improvements were effected.

This lowered estimate confronted the VA with a serious policy question. Nineteen loans had already been made on homes in the project. Should these be declared illegal?

TURN PAGE



4 Have a VA appraiser look the property over



5 Return to the lending agency with the report



6 Walk off with the cash and make your payment

## BILLIONS FOR POSTWAR (cont'd)

After consultation it was decided that the loans already made would be allowed to stand but that no guarantees would be made for the remaining 61 homes. The appraiser who made the high estimate was removed from the panel.

In a Kentucky case affidavits turned in there allege that a lender, who was a civic leader, had two contracts drawn up for the one house. One provided a sale price that would be approved. The other, carrying a higher price, was the one the veteran was expected to repay, according to the allegations.

**M**ANY thriving businesses have been started with the aid of VA-backed loans. A former Army major, who pinned his hopes on the anticipated postwar rise in private flying, obtained a bank loan to buy a two-seater plane which he uses to reach scattered clients in his small airplane insurance business. Another veteran, an ex-boxer, embarked on a beauty shop career with GI loan money. A third secured a loan shortly after discharge and bought into a food market in Washington, D. C.

When ex-Navy Corpsman Thomas A. Powell was discharged he decided to return to his prewar field of ice cream salesman. But instead of returning to just "popsicle peddling," he opened his own retail outlet. A loan of \$5300 was guaranteed to the extent of \$2000 by the VA, furnishing Powell with enough capital to lease a store and secure fixtures and supplies.

After getting squared away Powell took in six GI associates and formed a frozen custard company. Present plans call for securing a total of ten surplus trucks, refitting them with refrigerating units, and using them to sell the custard. Powell is dickering for another store in which to manufacture his product.

One of the most successful of the veteran borrowers is William M. Hughes of Philadelphia. Blinded by a mine explosion a month after he landed in France in February, 1945, Hughes did not despair. Instead, when he returned to America, he secured a GI loan and bought a gift shop.

Five months after opening his shop, Hughes was able to hold a "mortgage-burning" party at his home. He effected this premature liquidation of his debt by mentioning one of his items, a porcelain pie duckling, while he was being interviewed on a national radio network program. The result was terrific, Hughes was swamped with orders. When the smoke cleared, he found he had sold 31,000

It is of primary importance that the original discharge papers of the borrower be included. Notation of the loan is stamped on the back of this document. The VA insists upon this to preclude the possibility of unscrupulous veterans making several loans in various parts of the country.

The money lending agency may require a veteran to put up additional security if the property being purchased is not deemed sufficient. This is solely a matter between the lender and the borrower.

**O**NLY veterans of World War II are eligible for the loan benefits of the GI Bill. Both husband and wife, if both are veterans, may obtain loans for the same business; and a loan may be extended if the lender and the veteran desire it and the extension provides for complete repayment within the period for which the loan could have been made originally.

Although the VA guarantees or insures portions of loans for veterans, it definitely does not advise making loans at this time. Warning after warning has come from the administration's loan guarantee office advising loan seekers to be cautious—to wait, if possible. The advisers point to the scarcity of housing, farm land, machinery and equipment of all kinds, and to the enormously large demand which tends to boost prices to levels considerably higher than normal. Loans, the VA emphasizes, may be made up to ten years after the official end of World War II.

Figures compiled at the VA show that at this time approximately one out of every hundred veterans has availed himself of the loan guarantee service. By the time the ten-year loan period expires the VA estimates that two-thirds of all veterans will have made use of its provisions. If this is so, the money involved will run between 75 and 100 billion dollars in purchases, with the VA guaranteeing some 30 billions of this. This would be the biggest business venture of all time.

The intense interest of Marine veterans in loans is reflected in the response to a letter published in the April Sound Off. In this letter ex-Marine Denis J. Garrett offered to help any Marine who wanted

**Sums reminiscent of our wartime expenditures are being readied for grants to World War II veterans**

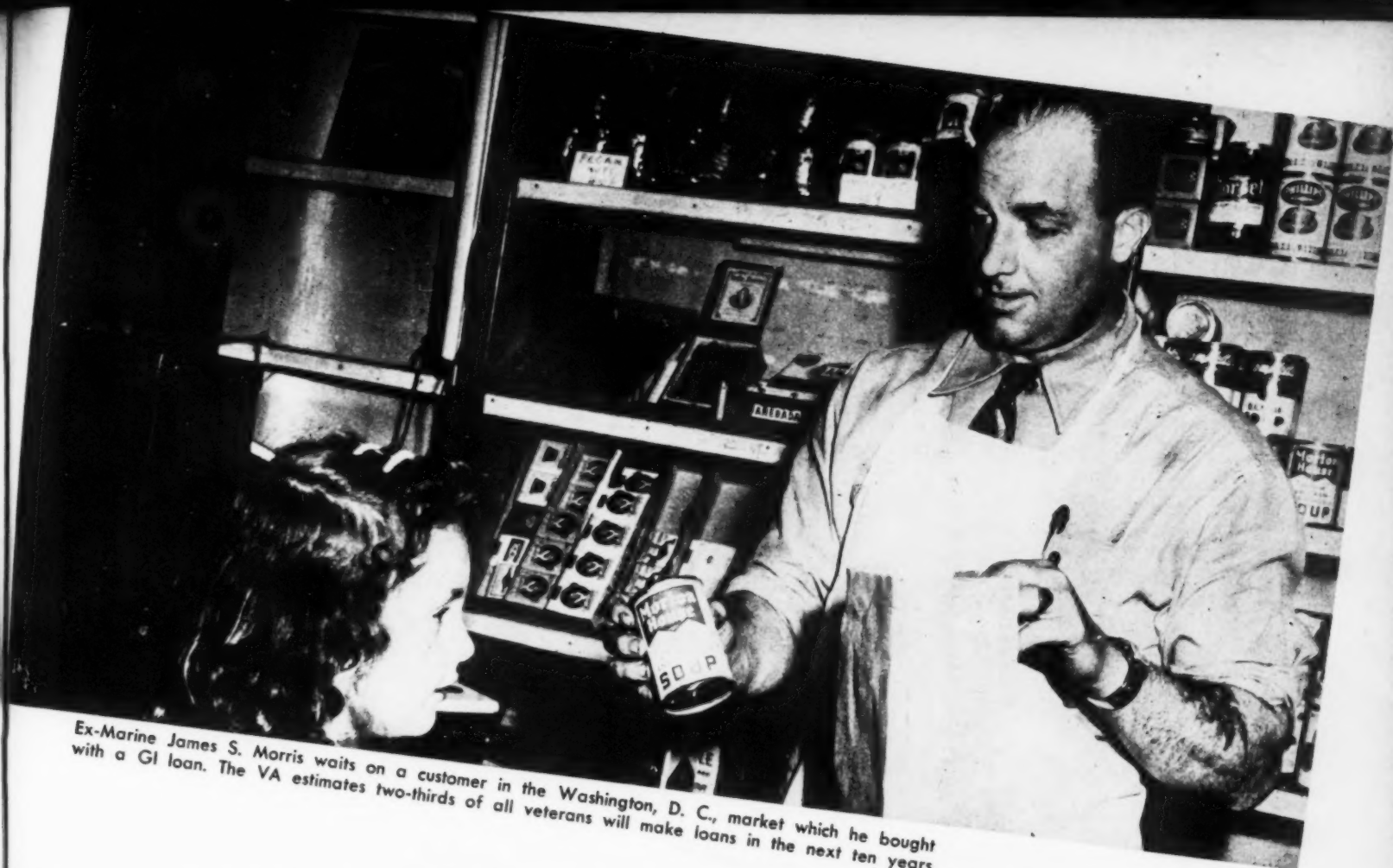
ducklings (juice-saving devices placed in the center of pies while baking) at \$1 each.

Speed in obtaining these loans, according to the VA, depends almost entirely on the lender. If the papers are received in good order, authorization for the guarantee can be sent out in a matter of minutes.

When ex-boxer James V. Portell got out of the Army he obtained a GI loan and bought a beauty shop. Here he gives a customer a permanent wave.







Ex-Marine James S. Morris waits on a customer in the Washington, D. C., market which he bought with a GI loan. The VA estimates two-thirds of all veterans will make loans in the next ten years

information on loans. The response was so overwhelming that Garrett has been unable to cope with it. It is hoped that this article will clear up most questions on the loan situation. Any further questions should be taken up with the nearest Veterans Administration representative.

**A**N EFFECTIVE vaccine against dengue fever — one of the banes of Marines in the Pacific during the war — has been discovered, the War Department recently announced.

Dengue fever, which occurs in epidemics throughout the warmer portions of the temperate zones, is due to a filterable virus. The virus first was isolated in Hawaii by Army doctors and brought to the United States. Here it has undergone 32 consecutive passages through the brains of mice. In the course of these passages a curious mutation took place — it lost its capacity to produce in men severe illness but retained the ability of giving subsequent immunity to the unmodified dengue virus.

**M**ANY times during the war harassed top kicks, sergeants major and master technical sergeants, as well as other high-rated noncoms, were heard to exclaim:

"I wish I was a private again. No worries, no responsibilities . . . just do your job and you're finished."

Now, however, with the war over, these same noncoms are thinking in a different vein. Those who are staying in, or who are considering re-enlisting, are asking: "I wonder how far down they're going to bust me?"

So much scuttlebutt has been tossed around on this subject, Marine Corps Headquarters decided to step in and give the straight dope. Now, here it is:

When the present state of emergency is declared at an end, temporary warrants will *not* be revoked immediately. These warrants, it is explained, are based on Marine Corps administration and are not a matter of law.

Adjustments in ranks and in tables of organization will, naturally, be based on the authorized

strength of the postwar Corps. Just how many noncoms of each grade will have to take a bust will depend on the number of noncoms who decide to ship over. At present writing re-enlistments in the various grades have been fairly well distributed with no excessive number in any one grade.

The only possible exception to this may be in the first pay grade which will be affected by the latest order concerning voluntary re-enlistments of commissioned and warrant officers. These men, should they re-enlist, will be given the opportunity of re-enlisting in the first pay grade. This is accorded them under the assumption that after serving satisfactorily as commissioned or warrant officers during the war, they should not be returned to their former permanent enlisted rank, which in some cases is as low as corporal.

Marines in the fourth pay grade and below can rest easy. It is not believed that it will be necessary to reduce any sergeants or below. Others in the higher noncom brackets need not worry about a drop of more than one rank, according to present available information.

**P**SYCHOLOGICAL techniques used during the war to select secret agents for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) will be adapted for use in the treatment of war veterans suffering peacetime crack-ups, the VA reveals.

The new policy was outlined following the appointment of Dr. James G. Miller, of Cambridge, Mass., as chief of the VA's new Division of Clinical Psychology. Dr. Miller, only 29, was a psychiatrist on the OSS personality assessment board.

During the war, candidates for OSS assignments were put in difficult situations so that psychologists could watch their reactions. This showed how alert, self-possessed, or quick-tempered the candidate was. In the peacetime adaptation of this test a man might be asked to reconstruct a situation, such as an interview with his employer, or an incident in his family life. The psychiatrist is expected to help the veteran by explaining what he can do to prevent the situation from developing unfavorably.

If the patient shows unusual reactions in these tests, the same techniques can be used as an aid in training him to react more normally. This treatment is expected to be used, for example, when a veteran suffering from "battle fatigue" has trouble adjusting himself to everyday life.

By use of new techniques, developed during the war, and the wider application of other psychological procedures, the VA hopes that it will be able to aid thousands of mentally sick veterans before their disorders become critical. The goal of Dr. Miller's program is to cure veterans in mental hygiene clinics so that they will not be compelled to enter neuropsychiatric hospitals, and if they do have to go, to reduce the time they must stay in them.

END



# million dollar

## KIDDER

CORP. BILL FARRELL  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE word spread like feathers in a gale. "Kidder's a millionaire — no kidding." "Kidder just inherited a million bucks!"

Private First Class William S. Kidder, \$64.80-a-month truck driver at Camp Catlin, just outside Honolulu, was a celebrity. It was like a terrific, unbelievable dream. The folks back home in Buffalo, N. Y., had broken the news to him in a letter:

"Dear Bill,

We were at the reading of Uncle John's will, and were very delighted at how well-off he has made you. Big Boy you are now a millionaire. Yes, you have one million dollars and we only hope it will not change you in any way. Just remember you are just the same only with a little money. Be the same with your buddies, they may not believe you if you do tell them, so do what you want about telling them."

Here's how it feels to discover  
your rich uncle is leaving the  
fortune you've dreamed about

Newspapers reveal reports of  
his good luck are premature

Freckle-faced, 19-year-old Bill Kidder was no sphinx. Keep a million dollars a secret? Couldn't be done. He mentioned it to somebody, and before you could say Gizmo and Eightball the Marine Public Information Office had heard all about it. His uncle was a retired banker in Buffalo, and had specified in his will that the bulk of his estate should go to Bill, the Marine.

Bill remained calm and unassuming. He talked sensibly to a reporter for a Honolulu newspaper. He was wondering, he said, what inheritance taxes would do to his first million.

"I sure hope I have enough left to buy a home and a big car. Then I want to get married," he added.

He would also complete medical studies at the University of Buffalo, where he had been a student before enlisting last June.

It was a good story, and the Associated Press picked it up. Marines don't inherit millions every day in the year. The AP had its Buffalo man check up. And that is where the Flit hit the fly. Uncle John, it seems, had not exactly "left" the money to Bill. He hadn't left, himself. He was alive and kicking, and willing to turn the million over to Bill only when he does quit this life. It's still a dream, but a dream pretty likely to come true.

Major Conner, PIO,  
and an AP reporter  
snap up the scoop

His snowed buddies kid Kidder as  
he dresses to celebrate on liberty

Millionaire  
says the  
or truck  
not, his  
must  
sarge  
gleam

At USO a million dollar baby  
cheers a million dollar guy

Unchanged by his sudden good fortune  
Bill carries on his duties as usual



**"It's Blended...It's Splendid!"**

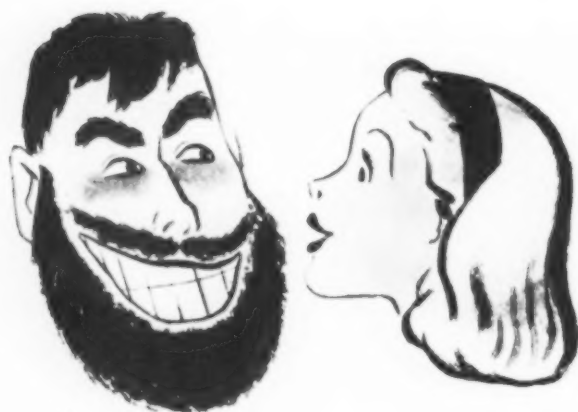


**TRULY DELICIOUS** food is even more satisfying when served with this truly great beer. For never less than 33 fine brews blend their individual taste tones to give that magnificent flavor, that real beer taste you can always order with confidence . . . serve with pride. Yes . . . at meals, between meals . . . there is only one blended-splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER**

Copy, 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

# WOLVES' GALLERY



**The Army & Navy & Me Type.** He hasn't got a single combat star. But he *has* got a wide open smile. Which glitters. Which glitters so loud gals get confused into believing that Big Hero routine he hands 'em. Such effective smiles, of course, aren't generally found on guys who ignore "pink tooth brush." So if your tooth brush "shows pink," see the dentist. Today's soft foods may be robbing your gums of exercise, and he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**The Simple Soul Type.** He's just a lil' ol' boy...you know. Plain as an old shoe. But try and get gals to believe it after he goes to work with that neon light he wears for a smile. The deal is, he knows about Ipana. He knows Ipana's designed, not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Massage a little extra on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums. And healthier gums generally mean sounder, brighter teeth. Try Ipana.



Start today  
with - **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

(continued from page 34)



He turned to me. "You are beginning to sound pretty brave."  
"Are you going to give it a try?"

"In fact," he said, "you sound so brave, maybe you'd like the opportunity to be a hero."

There was everything insulting in his voice and his face. Of course he thought I'd crawl. I hadn't had any definite intentions when I'd butted in. I had simply planned to suggest that he use this inflated tube I'd found, as a precaution. Now everything seemed focussed on me.

Kitty kept looking at me. I don't think she thought I even knew how to swim. I hadn't, as a matter of fact, until I had to learn, to get through Parris Island. But at the moment I think I would have agreed to hit out for Saipan; it was the way he was sneering, the way she was looking at me. And on the chair behind me was the inflated tube to bolster this flick of bravado that was sparking in me.

"I believe I'll take a whack at it," I said, and I turned and crossed to the bedroom before either of them spoke.

Inside, I located a pair of Mark's trunks, hanging on a nail. I climbed out of my clothes and got into the trunks and then I went back.

The trunks were several sizes too large for me and as a result I was not a natty figure.

I walked to the chair and picked up the tube and said, "Well, I'm shoving off."

I could see that Kitty wanted to say something but nothing was coming out of her mouth. These trunks I had on, as I say, were pretty big. They kept slipping. I will be a pretty sick-looking hero, I thought as I hitched them, if these things come down on me.

Mark stepped fast and blocked my way to the door.

"Before I'd let a man drown himself pulling a snow job," he said, "I'd knock his block off."

I let the tube drop.

"You're just too damned noble, you are," I said.

Then I pasted him. He had started his swing first but I saw it coming and ducked. I came up under his chin. He went down, but hard, and I picked up the tube and stepped over him.

Kitty caught my arm and we looked at each other. She said, "I've given you a rough deal, haven't I?"

"Never mind banging ears with me right now," I said. I kissed her once, that was all. Then I opened the door and beat it fast, with the tube. One more minute and I'd have lost this fine little bit of nerve that I had hopped myself all up with. . .

I CAME back to the island in the morning. I'd slept in there, at a farmhouse where I telephoned the doctor. When I reached the lodge I could hear no sound except bird noises in the trees. I smelled coffee and then I heard steps in the kitchen, so I walked in. Kitty stood near the stove, scrambling eggs. She had an apron on.

I said, "I never saw you with an apron on before, Kit. You've got it on backward but it looks very nice just the same."

She smiled a little. A percolator sizzled. The table was set for two.

"I saw you coming and got things ready," she said. "I knew it was you, way off. Nobody else could row a boat that crookedly except you."

I sat down. "Where is Charlie?"

"Upstairs. His leg is set and he's doing all right."

She poured some coffee.

"Didn't they leave a boat for you?" I said.

She nodded.

"But it's gone," I said. "Somebody took it."

She nodded again.

"Listen," I said, "will you knock off this nodding and say something?"

She walked over and stood in front of me.

"Mark took the boat," she said. "He's gone . . . for keeps." Then she said: "Kiss me, Joe."

I kissed her. Then I said. "Now don't start making a fuss over me. You know how it is with us heroes — that stuff only bores us stiff."

END



(continued from page 3)

#### PEKING MARINES

Sirs:

Do I remember?

The letter by Gus Council (April Leatherneck) was very interesting. In fact, it was the first letter that I have read from a Marine in your magazine for some time.

I am not really an old-timer, but I did serve four years in the Marine Corps from 1934 to 1938. It was just about that time all the real old-timers had their stories straightened out to tell us boots. And did we enjoy them! In fact, by the time I had my four years in, I was quite capable of snowing some of the younger boys myself.

I remember a lot of the men that Gus mentioned. Although I was stationed in Peking for 30 months, I did have the great pleasure of meeting some of the fellows from Shanghai.

I wonder if Gus, or any of the other readers, remember MTSgt. Freddie Peoples (who, by the way, has chased me around the French Glacis many times with his baton); Corporal Elmer Riggs, the biggest man in the Marine Corps; Francis Sullivan, who I believe was the first man to hold the rate of Platoon Sergeant in the Corps. And, as long as we are talking about Peking Marines, how about Pock Mark Mary, formally a resident of No. 32 in Hutung's — ? Yes, all I can say is, "God Bless The Old Corps." We had a wonderful time, didn't we, boys?

Gene Pendergast  
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

#### THAT'S MY BUDDY!

Sirs:

In the "History of the Fourth Marine Division," printed a few issues back, there was a picture of two Marines running. Well, the one in front is 99 per cent sure of being Corporal (now Sergeant) William C. Rode, a buddy of mine.

He was the only one in the outfit that carried his pack on his hip.

Wounded on Saipan, he was in a hospital for more than a year — until discharged a few months ago. The picture was first printed in *Look Magazine* about a year ago. It was then that his father and friends first commented on the likeness.

Robert C. Quail  
Long Island, N. Y.

#### CAN'T JOIN, YET

Sirs:

As you can see by this address, I am a member of the U.S. Navy, but desire to transfer, if possible, into the Marine Corps.

I would like to know if there is a possibility of transferring into the Marine Corps and holding my equivalent rate — which will soon be Aviation Machinist's Mate, Third Class. Would also like to know if I could be put in the Marine Air Corps.

At the present time I am in the regular Navy, and not due for a discharge until December 15, 1948.

A Seaman, First-Class  
Norman, Okla.

• There are no provisions for transfer of personnel between the Navy and Marine Corps, except in the case of Marines who are qualified for duty as hospital corpsmen. At the end of your enlistment you may enlist in the Marine Corps and specify aviation as your choice of duty. However, all enlistments are in the

grade of private and promotions are by examination. — Ed.

#### JAPANESE TONSORS

Sirs:

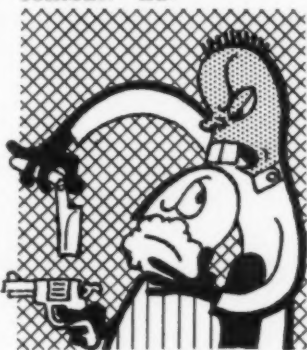
Recently, while reading your article "Sidelights," I came across the part wherein the author states that "a Marine will allow a Japanese to shave him — only with another well-armed friend standing by."

I am writing this letter in our camp barbershop, where we have ten Japs working as barbers. As yet I have never seen a weapon of any type in here.

Sure would like to know where Corporal Bill Farrell gets his dope.

PFC J. V. G. DeLoze  
Camp Wood, Japan

• Corporal Farrell informs us that he got his dope from several Combat Correspondents, who actually saw it happen early in the occupation of Japan. During that time Marines were still viewing all Japanese as they did the fanatical, banzai-charging ones in combat. — Ed.



THEY ALSO SERVED

Sirs:

How about some noise and glory being thrown at my old outfit for a change?

Marine Air Warning Squadron One was on Engebi, Eniwetok, and was the testing ground for Marine Air Defense techniques. We made it possible for our Marine fighter squadrons to operate without losses while flying over a lot of ocean and very little land in the Pacific.

The old outfit went to Okinawa, too. So here's a big plug for all the boys in the old outfit.

Captain "Big Jim" Coleman  
NBC  
New York City

#### HONORABLE DISCHARGE

Sirs:

Would like to know what type of discharge I will receive when my two years extension is up. I am a regular and was convicted of three summary courts-martial on my first cruise. However my marks remained 4.0.

Since my last summary I have received two promotions and it will soon be over four years since my last offense. My combat record covers two operations and 39 months overseas.

A North China Marine

• According to the facts you have stated in your letter, you will receive an Honorable Discharge with "character excellent." You should also rate a Good Conduct Medal for the last three years. — Ed. TURN PAGE

## Pfc. Casanova—



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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

## SOUND OFF

### DIOGENES'S LANTERN

Sirs:

I would like to find the whereabouts of PISgt. H. E. Fox, as I owe him some money. If he, or someone who knows him, sees this, have him get in touch with me at "Guard Co., Marine Barracks, Treasure Isle Activities, San Francisco, Cal."

PISgt. J. L. Lorden  
San Francisco, Cal.

### MARINE INGENUITY

Sirs:

Enclosed are some pictures which we believe should prove of interest to the readers. (The pictures were not suitable for reproduction. The letter is of enough interest to stand alone. Ed.)

One photo shows PFC R. T. Romrell with what we believe to be one of the oddest war souvenirs in existence. It is a 350-pound anvil which Romrell captured at the suicide boat base, Isicawa, Okinawa. He built a cart for the anvil and brought it with him to Tientsin, China, when his outfit (First Motor Transport, First Division) came here last October. Recently he has returned Stateside, taking his prize with him.

The other two photos show what Marine ingenuity can do when flagpole trouble sets in. Recently, the flag at our outfit got stuck at the top of the pole, and no amount of persuasion on the part of the sergeant of the guard, the OD, and other characters could induce the flag to come down.

The situation was relieved, temporarily, when a welder with an acetylene torch was rushed to the scene for the purpose of cutting the iron pole down. Old Glory soon flew again, however, when a new, 50-foot collapsible flagpole was devised, built, and erected. With this new flagpole it is not only possible to raise and lower the flag, but also, if another catastrophe should occur, to raise and lower the pole itself.

The Seabees ain't got nuttin' on us . . .

Sgt. John Engic and two others  
First MT Bn., First Division.

### I WANT MY MAN

Sirs:

I've read the Sound Off column for a long time now, but this is my first letter to you. I am sorry to say it, but I am going to gripe, and good!

My husband is an SS man, 33 years old and has been in the Corps for almost 3 years, half of which has been overseas. He was supposed to have come home the first of 1946, but, being a low-point man, he was transferred from the Fifth to the Second Division. Now only God and the Corps know when he will get home (and sometimes I am not sure that the Corps knows). I probably have no cause to be sounding off but I want my man home before I forget what he looks like.

Surely one little ole corporal could be spared.

Mrs. Sylvia DeKeyser  
Los Angeles, Cal.



### WITH THE OLD FOURTH

Sirs:

I served with the best damn outfit in the whole Marine Corps — the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China, from 1937 to 1939. I was with Co. D., 1st Bn., a real crackpot machine gun company. We were billeted on Ferry Lu.

Some of the old gang were Gunny McWilliams, Sweeny, Corp. Bob (Wire) Holmes — everyone in the old Corps knew Holmes — J. W. Cunningham, Tod Walker, Smitty, and Stinky Davis.

I would sure appreciate a line from any of the officers and men who served with that outfit.

ex-Corp. Henry W. Bloch  
1401 South Mountain Ave.  
Monrovia, Cal.

### THE ARMY'S GOOD, TOO

Sirs:

I have just finished reading a number of articles concerning the various branches of the Armed Services. The Army doesn't seem to get much credit for what it did in World War II. I know the Marines did a lot of fighting in the Pacific, but if the Army hadn't been around to help, a lot more Marines would have been killed.

I believe the Army can do just as good a brand of fighting as the next branch. If the Marines and sailors would read more about the fighting the Army did from North Africa to Germany they would see my point of view, too.

I had four brothers in the Army. Two fought alongside the Marines in the Pacific and the other two were in Europe. So, I have a lot of praise for the Army. But all branches did a swell job.

A China Marine  
Tientsin, China

### GRIPE ABOUT MAIL

Sirs:

I want to toss in my gripe about servicemen's mail (not) coming to China. Not only the Marine's mail, but today we received two letters addressed to soldiers. One was to an address in the States, the other in Europe — and we are in Tsingtao, China.

I don't see how such a mistake could have been made. The part that snowed us the most was that one of those letters, mailed in Pennsylvania, had a regular 3c stamp and no FPO designation. But it came over here air mail. This letter was addressed to PFC (name omitted) ASFPRD, Fort Jackson, S. C. Now how could the postal clerks make such a mistake?

It seems to us that our mail is probably going to Europe, Alaska, or elsewhere — something should be done about this. I have given up hopes of getting some of my mail.

Even though you may not print this, I feel better for griping a bit, anyway.

PFC D. A. Rienzie  
and 5000 others  
Tsingtao, China.

### THANKS TO CHAPIN

Sirs:

Many thanks to Lieutenant John Chapin for his story concerning the Fourth Division, printed in the April issue of *Leatherneck*.

My fiancé was a member of the Fourth Division — 25th Marines — and is one of the boys who won't be coming back. He was killed on July 24th, in the landing on Tinian. So you can see why I appreciate the article.

Name withheld by request  
New Bern, N. C.

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WORTHY OF  
THE FAMOUS  
NAME



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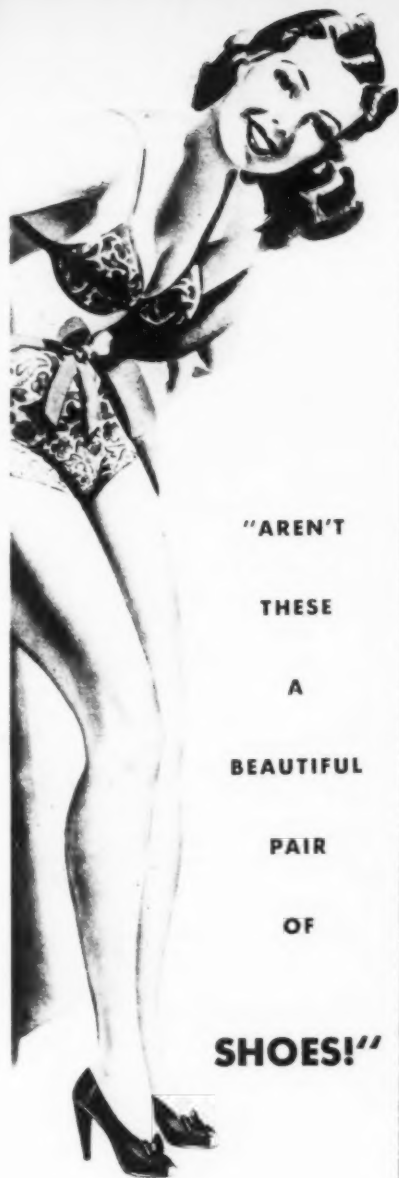


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# GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME  
IN SHOE POLISH

## SOUND OFF (continued from page 50)

### HEY, BUDDIES—WRITE

Sirs:

I sure would like to get in touch with some of my buddies who are in Dog Co., 2nd Battalion, Twenty-ninth Marines, Sixth Division.

If anyone in Dog Company should happen to see this in *Leatherneck*, I am sure that some of them would drop me a line.

PFC Curtis V. Henderson  
USNH — Ward No. 2  
Charleston, S. C.

### SOUND OFF, OLD SALT

Sirs:

In a recent Sound Off column I noticed a letter written by John Vidnic. I did duty with this old salt at Shoemaker, Cal., and would like to get in touch with him, if possible.

Also being a seagoing Marine — *USS New Orleans* — I would appreciate hearing from any of my old shipmates and buddies.

ex-Private Ed L. Dux  
1001 Mason St.  
Bellingham, Wash.

### A FATHER ANSWERS

Sirs:

I wish to make a reply to First Sergeant Thaddeus F. Kisiel's letter published in the May issue of "Sound Off," under the title of "Sore at the Corps." He was burned up, among other things, about fathers being in the Marine Corps — his Corps!

It's true that a father gripes more than a single man. He has the right to since there are more responsibilities awaiting him back home.

While he was in the Pacific fighting the war, we fathers were back home making the equipment he needed to win a war that he, too, might come home — and maybe be a father someday himself.

I'm in the same Marine Corps that he is. I don't like it and will admit to same. The war is over and a father's place is at home providing for his family.

He would like to have all of us kicked out of the Corps. On my part, when they are ready to do the kicking — I am ready for the old boot. No man, Reserve or Selective Service, wants to be a broken cog in an otherwise well-conditioned machine; which is about what we amount to under present conditions. All I want to do is get home and start working for a living.

PFC Joseph Maxwell  
Parris Island, S. C.

### MARINE DISCHARGE BUTTON

Sirs:

Just finished reading *The Leatherneck*. One thing I noticed was of interest to me.

In Sound Off you stated that discharged Marines are issued both types of discharge buttons and can wear either one. I was discharged last November at New River, but received no Marine discharge button. Nor did any of the other fellows at that time.

I wonder if you can, through the columns of Sound Off, tell me and other ex-Marines how to go about getting our Marine discharge emblem. You can bet your boondockers that I will publicize it by wearing same.

J. H. Pritchett  
Forsyth, Ga.

• Present your discharge papers to the nearest recruiting station. They are authorized to issue both the Marine discharge em-

blem and ruptured duck.—Ed.

### GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

Sirs:

After receiving the *Leatherneck* for the past four years, and never having any gripes about it, or the Marine Corps, I have never had any reason to write to Sound Off. Now I do have a little complaint that I wish you would straighten out for me and a lot of others with the same question.

I joined the Marines soon after the war started, and saw action in three campaigns as a member of a line company. My record book was clean, with highest markings. I was never AOL, nor did I ever have to see the skipper for any offenses during the whole 3 years and 7 months I was in the Corps.

A Medical Discharge was handed me a few months after the Japs quit.

Now, what I want to know is: why is it that I, and others like me, weren't recommended for a Good Conduct Medal after our faithful and obedient service — even if we did not have four years service to our credit.

I feel that we, who were unfortunate enough to stop one and could not complete our four years service, should rate the medal just as much as anyone. Could you please put us straight on this subject.

Bob Walker  
San Francisco, Cal.

• To rate this medal, prior to 10 December 1945, men were required to have completed four years service, with appropriate markings in their Service Record Books. Enlisted men who were discharged to accept an officer appointment in the Marine Corps, or Naval Service, were awarded this medal if they had over two years service.

After 10 December 1945, the Good Conduct Medal was awarded upon completion of three years' service, provided there were no court convictions or no more than two CO's punishment.—Ed.



THE SIXTH PIONEERS

Sirs:

As an ex-Marine and a paid-up subscriber to *Leatherneck*, I hope I still have a right to Sound Off. I was with the 6th Pioneers, Co. C., and as yet I have not seen a good word printed about their fine work on Okinawa.

I sometimes wonder if other Marines stop to think just how things got ashore — not by itself, surely. So let's give a big hand to the Pioneer Bn., and to Co. C, as they got four letters of praise from the higher paid help — more than any other Pioneer Company in the Sixth Division.

J. Creighton  
Lindenhurst, N. J.

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TURN PAGE

# oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... LOVE MEANS NOTHING in more things than tennis when a man forgets his hair. How in the world can he comb that tangled mop? It's so lifeless. . . . and that awful loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp! I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...  
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CAN THIS BE the same man? Yes, and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. A few drops a day and your hair regains that natural look. It's so easy to comb . . . no more itchiness and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### PEONS OF THE WAR

We realize that you probably have more than your share of trouble, now, without getting any more. But I am writing this letter in behalf of myself and four other ex-Gyrenes who would like to get some information on the following questions.

(1) Recently, we sad sacks have been arguing about the different scuttlebutt that has reached our ears—we finally decided to write and find out if you can straighten us out. Has the Marine Corps authorized men to wear a hashmark after three years service, since the periods of enlistments have been cut?

(2) We would like to know where and how we can get a laminated, wallet size certificate of satisfactory service as authorized by LofI 1172 and 562.

(3) We were discharged with the first batch of Marines to get out of the Corps and have been home so long that we don't get the latest dope very quickly. However, the scuttlebutt has reached us that PFCs are being promoted to the grade of corporal upon discharge. We would like to know if we are eligible to call ourselves corporals? Some of us have all the way from three to eight years service.

Not that it would do us any good to be promoted, since we are out of uniform, but it would make us feel a lot happier to know that we could be called "ex-corporals" — after spending all the time we did as "peons." Then, too, this town is strictly Army and I guess you know how we feel when we see most of these boots and Stateside commandos running around sporting corporal — and above — chevrons, while we peons who fought the war stayed down in the sad sack department.

(4) Lately you have been running a series of articles on the various divisions in the Corps and their history. We would like to know if it is possible to get the back issues of these articles, and how much it would cost. How about the issues covering the Tarawa operation and also Iwo Jima; can we get those, too?

Monte M. Hernandez  
and others  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

● *Forget the trouble, fellows; it's our job to bear a hand and give whatever help we can. Now to answer your questions:*

(1) *You still need four years' service to wear a hashmark.* (2) *For the certificate of satisfactory service take your discharge to the nearest Marine Corps activity. They will prepare a certificate and send it to the Director of Personnel in Washington where the correct data will be supplied and the lamination process completed. The completed certificate will then be sent to your home address.* (3) *Only those men still in the Corps were affected by the Letter of Instruction promoting PFCs to next higher rank.* (4) *We still have a supply of Leathernecks containing the First, Second and Fourth Division histories.*

The February issue,

which contained the *Third Division*, has been exhausted. There have been numerous articles in *The Leatherneck* about *Tarawa* and *Iwo Jima*. You may send 15c for each copy that you desire.—Ed.

### ONE WOMAN GOT IT

Sirs:

Can you tell me if any woman has ever been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. I have quite an argument with a friend of mine on the subject and he laughs at me when I tell him that women have also earned the Medal of Honor. Please set us straight.

Lucille Wayman  
New York City

● *There has been only one woman, as far as we know, who won that award. Her name was Dr. Mary Walker, an Army surgeon during the Civil War.—Ed.*

### THE "OLD SEABEES"

Sirs:

I'd like to comment on some of the cracks leveled against the Seabees by some of the Corps' garrison recruits, and by salty rear-echelon combat men. These recruits who haven't seen enough action to stand up to a WAC should shut up and let some line company men sound off.

The Seabees of today are not the same old outfit of wartime. Like most of the other outfits the young feather merchants of recent enlistments have tried to act like "old salts" but just couldn't make the grade.

Remember that the reputation for Corps-Bee friendship was not built in a bar, but on those islands where the men were separated from the mice. Marines knew that a Seabee camp was a place where food and help was never refused them, if it was possible for the Bees to furnish it.

Now the war is over and everyone is claiming the glory for acts accomplished in the past. Well, go ahead, you 45-pointers, and argue, but I hope when you sound off to former combat troops that they cut you in on the scoop, but good.

Ex-Sgt. Frank Andrul  
New Britain, Conn.

### WANTS TO RE-ENLIST

Sirs:

I am writing you in regard to re-enlistment in the Corps. I have had four years and five months service, and been out of the Corps for over three years — on a medical discharge. Since that time I am of the opinion that I am again able to pass the examination for re-enlistment. My doctor thinks so, too.

The information I am seeking is: if I make the grade would I receive shipping-over pay and be allowed to re-enlist with my old rating? What steps in general would I have to take, outside of going to a recruiting station?

George Gaudin  
Clarksville, Pa.

● *Your re-enlistment would depend on the Navy medics passing on your physical condition. However, you would receive no shipping-over money, and you would*

(continued on page 54)



When a suit's unsuitable  
be consoled...



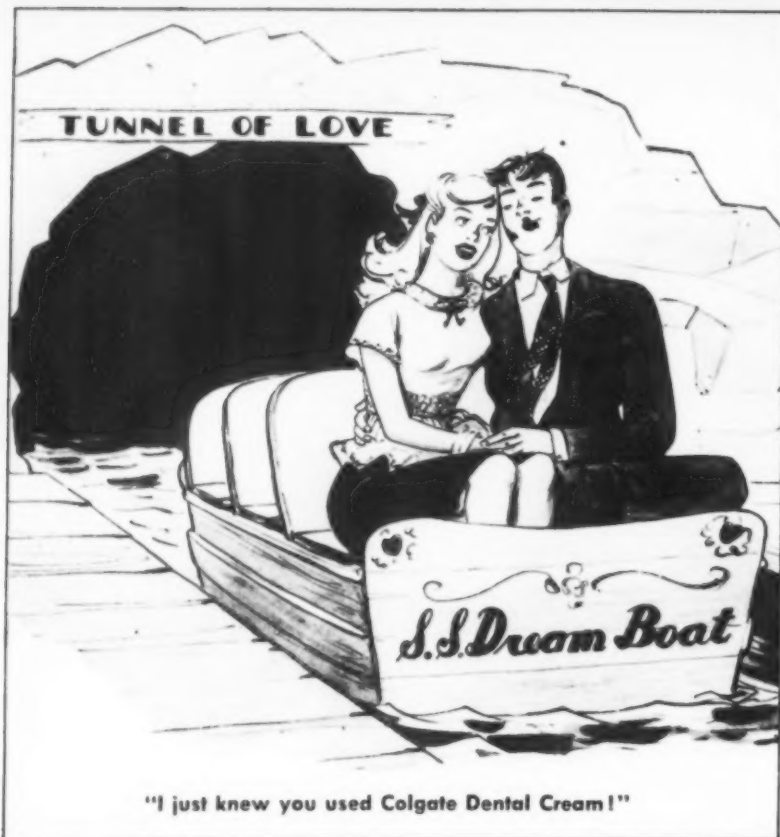
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Wednesday Evenings CBS  
and  
**RHAPSODY IN RHYTHM**  
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Manufacturing Jewelers  
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## SOUND OFF (continued from page 52)

*bere-enlisted as a private since you have been out too long to come under present re-enlistment policies.*—Ed.

### THE STRAIGHT DOPE

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article entitled "History of the Fourth Marine Division," written by Lieut. John Chapin for the April issue of the *Leatherneck*. It has been my impression that the Twenty-second Marines were a part of the Fourth Marine Division in the campaigns at Roi-Namur and Eniwetok. However, there is no mention of the Twenty-second in that article.

Could you set a few of us up here in the wilderness straight?

Corporal Robert L. Meyer  
Farragut, Idaho

● *The Twenty-second Marines were not a part of the Fourth Division at any time. When the Fourth landed on Roi and Namur in the Marshalls, the Twenty-second was standing by in reserve for both the Fourth Marine Division and also for the Seventh Army Division which landed on Kwajalein Island farther south. When they were not needed at either of these places they shoved on up to Eniwetok, where, with the support of the 106th Army Infantry, they captured that atoll. The Fourth Division did not participate in this part of the Marshall campaign.*—Ed.

### JOAN OR JANET?

Sirs:

There is some controversy between myself and another fellow as to who the girl is on the opposite page to number 40 (March *Leatherneck*). Although you say she is Joan Leslie, I believe that she is Janet Blair.

We would like a reply to settle our little argument on the subject. I think you have a swell magazine, but I also think you have made a mistake.

Ray D. Frazier, S1-c  
FPO San Francisco, Cal.

● *The studio informs us that Leatherneck was correct. The young lady in question is Joan Leslie.*

### FIFTH MARINES OF YESTERYEAR

Sirs:

Would it be possible to get in touch with any of my old buddies of the first World War? I have never seen any of them since I was discharged in Quantico in 1919.

I had 18 months service in France and seven months occupation duty in Germany with the 47th Co., Fifth Regiment, 3rd Bn., U. S. Marines.

Harold Hampton  
Penns Park  
Bucks Co., Pa.

### HISTORY REPEATS—

Sirs:

In your November 15 issue you asked if anyone had served with John Paul Jones.

I'd like to say that I have served for over six months with

John Paul Jones, from Peleliu to China.

The person in question is TSgt. John Paul Jones, USMC, now serving in the China Theatre.

Sgt. W. F. Dickson  
Peiping, China

### SAMURAI SWORD PRICES

Sirs:

In your April issue we read the story about Ruth Gale. One of the pictures showed her and two brothers, one of them holding a samurai sword which the caption stated could have been sold for \$1500. This was of special interest to us as we have two swords just like the one in the picture and are anxious to learn the actual value of them, as we are willing to sell.

Any information you might give us concerning this matter would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Loren P. Lukens  
Fullerton, Cal.

● *So far as we know there is no set price on these swords, their value depending entirely on how bad someone wants one as a souvenir. Overseas, where the value of money was very cheap, these Japanese weapons were bringing exorbitant prices from persons unable to secure one from a Jap who did not need his any longer.*—Ed.

### FOR BETTER KHAKI

Sirs:

When are the "wheels" going to change our present khaki to something better? After a few hours in the sun, wearing khaki, you look like a very sad sack, instead of a Marine.

As you know it is not a choice of wearing khaki on liberty; it is the uniform of the day.

How about breaking out those dress blues and letting us show these civilians?

Corp. A. Teranian  
Cherry Point, N. C.

### WANTED: A NAME!

We are a Marine detachment in the Panama Canal Zone. Can you tell us what unit this detachment is attached to, or was formerly attached to—such as some defense battalion?

PFC Loyd R. Shoemaker  
Coco Solo

● *As far as we have been able to ascertain, on the basis of the information you have furnished, you are attached to no defense battalion. Your designation is simply the "Coco Solo Marine Detachment, Panama Canal Zone." We suggest that you see your first sergeant for the dope on former designations of your unit.*—Ed.

### ARMY LIKES IT, TOO

Sirs:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time, and I firmly believe it is the best put out by the Armed Forces, so far.

I am a soldier myself, and I know when an Army PX sells a magazine put out by the Marines, it has to be good.

I think a special mention should be given the Sound Off column. It is a source of airing a lot of sore subjects and arguments, to say nothing of a lot of laughs.

Lieut. Julian Durar  
Orlando, Fla.

(continued on page 56)



*The pause that refreshes*  
**-Have a Coke**



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marks which distinguish the prod-  
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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

22nd WAS CITED!

Sirs:

When I was in the Marine Corps, I was with the First Battalion, 22nd Marines. I enlisted in the Corps, August, 1941, and was in the Reserves. I remained in this status until my discharge in November, 1945. Do I rate the Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon?

Also was my old outfit, the 22nd Marines, cited for Okinawa? As I rate the Good Conduct Medal, how can I go about obtaining one?

Although I have been discharged over six months, I've been considering re-enlisting—would I have my choice of requesting overseas duty?

If I decided to stay in 30 years, would the four years I have already served count toward retirement? Or, would it be the so-called "split time?"

Name withheld by request  
Chicago, Ill.

● You do not rate the reserve ribbon. It is for inactive reserves only. The 22nd Marines received the Presidential Citation for Okinawa, as did the Fourth and Seventh Regiments. There are no Good Conduct Medals available at this time. When they become available, if you have been recommended for one, the Commandant will send it upon request.

If you desire to go overseas, after your re-enlistment, we do not think that you will have any trouble requesting such an assignment.

Your previous time, although it was reserve, was active service and will be counted toward either 20 or 30 years.—

### SUGGESTED QM INSIGNIA

Sirs:

One of our jobs here in the Art Department of the Training Aids Section is the designing and duplicating of the various Marine Divisions and Unit insignia.

During a recent project in which we were compiling all the authorized shoulder insignias, it was obvious that someone had neglected the Quartermaster... so, after some deliberation the enclosed sketch was proposed (all in fun, of course).

It has afforded quite a few laughs for the Marine Corps Schools staff—even the G-4s themselves... so we thought you might like a copy of it for your readers' approval.

WO F. J. Newman  
Quantico, Va.



● We publish this sketch in memory of days when an emphatic "no" was the clearest enunciated word in a quartermaster sergeant's vocabulary.—

## WHAT DO I RATE?

Sirs:

Would you please give me some information on the following questions?

I shipped over in the USMC from the USMCR(F)1E on November, 21, 1944—after being held COG since 8 July 1944. Do I rate any money for re-enlisting: a re-enlistment furlough on my return to the States; and another Good Conduct Medal?

I shipped out of the States on 8 January 1945.

PlSgt. Edwin F. Keough  
Third Marine Brigade

● Since you did not give a complete picture of your status, it is hard to make a definite answer. We assume that you entered Class 1E FMCR in July, 1940 (since your cruise was up, July, 1944), and were called to active service sometime prior to, or just after the war. For each complete year of active service during this time you rate \$25 (\$50 if staff grade) shipping-over money.

But, at the time you shipped over into the Regulars there was no such thing as re-enlistment furloughs, except for staff grade. All hands serving subsequent to 1 June 1945, however, rate such a furlough. If the man is overseas at the time of re-enlistment, he gets his furlough when he returns to the States.

If you were recommended for a Good Conduct Medal at the time of your discharge, naturally you rate one—but must wait until the medals are ready for issue again. If you got one for your first cruise, all you rate for the second cruise is the bar.—Ed.

### PI'S PERFECT PLATOON

Sirs:

I read in *Leatherneck* (Sound Off) that only one recruit platoon qualified 100 per cent on the rifle range at Parris Island. I am proud to say I was in that platoon.

But since you did not list the platoon by number... and for the sake of many Yen (Japanese money) and possible avoidance of blows, please let us know if I am right in maintaining that the platoon's number was 55. And that it came through boot camp February-April, 1944.

The platoon was led by PlSgt. Dickson, PFC Stebinsky and PFC Marsh.

PFC Martin L. King  
Eighth Marine Regiment

● You are correct; that platoon was No. 55, which qualified 19 experts, 27 sharpshooters and 26 marksmen for a 100 per cent qualification.—Ed.

END



## REUNION IN FRISCO (continued)

attention. They were little more than skeletons. Their food was seaweed and rice. They were forced to work in the mines and so bad were the conditions, so bad the food, that few could have lived through another winter.

The Fourth of July, 1945, was a special day. For dinner the prisoners had fried grasshoppers and rice.

Tuberculosis and beriberi were prevalent, the inevitable result of inadequate diet and fatigue. Work in the mines was little more than slow execution. The men were heartened by bits of news and disheartened by propaganda. Nothing was definite and this in itself was mental torture.

Then they sensed a change.

With no explanation, the night shift in the mines was canceled. This news swept the camp in an instant. Did it mean peace? All of the Japs — guards, supervisors, officers and engineers — stayed close to the radio, and girls were seen to walk away in tears. Men in the brig were released. It had to be peace! But still there was no announcement from the Japanese.

On August 15 they noticed that air raid curtains had not been lowered in the Korean mining village across the valley. The next day the B-29s were over the camp, dropping food and leaflets that told them the war was over. The prisoners became ill because their weakened stomachs could not hold the rich American foods. That night the Japs issued one bottle of beer or wine to every five men.

"We wouldn't drink their damned beer," says Sgt. Eccles.

The prisoners took over the Jap guardhouse and the radio and anxiously awaited orders. They were told to stay in the camp to expedite rescue.

While waiting they foraged for fresh food, even trading every article of clothing available for chickens raised by the Koreans. Not one fowl was left in the valley because the Koreans, whom the prisoners pitied as Jap slaves, needed clothing desperately. They raided Jap stores, and every man had 43 packages of chewing gum. But they couldn't chew the gum because the sweetness was torture to their rotted teeth.

Waiting for the rescue parties was nerve-wracking in the extreme. They expected to be treated "like eightballs, because we had done no fighting." Instead they were treated like kings. They were taken to Yokohama and given new clothing. There were laundry and barber services. Food, good American food, could be had at any time. It was treatment the liberated men needed, because they were bitter and cynical after years of imprisonment. It restored their faith.

Eccles and his buddies were taken to Guam aboard LSTs, and from there were flown to Honolulu, then San Francisco. After treatment in Oak Knoll Hospital, Margaret Eccles's staff sergeant was given a 90-day furlough and flown to Los Angeles. He spent those 90 days trying to get his wife to the United States.

Margaret had been interned in 1942 because she was a British subject. She and her sister, Anita, were given but a week's notice that they would have to move to an internment camp at Yangchow, near Nanking. They moved in on March 13, 1943, with one trunk filled with food and another with clothing. They were allowed only two pieces of luggage and their bedding.

There were 600 prisoners at Yangchow. Most of them were Britons, and more than half were women. There were nearly 100 children in the camp. The prisoners did their own cooking and gardening, and Margaret was assigned to the galley, where she worked from 0400 to 1800. It was grueling, heart-breaking work. She suffered from malaria and dysentery — and hunger.

The worst period was from December, 1944, to May of 1945, when they had only turnips and rice to eat. And they had this three times a day. There was no fuel and the weather often was below zero. That none of the children died was a miracle. Only the arrival of Red Cross packages saved the lives of many.

The inmates at Yangchow had no official news of progress of the war. But they knew what was happening. Chinese amahs risked their lives to smuggle newspapers into the camp under their clothing. One day they read that the war was over. They wouldn't believe it.

Because of transportation difficulties no Allied representatives could reach Yangchow until three weeks after the end of hostilities. It was not until October 4 that Margaret was released. She returned to her family in Shanghai, at House 27, Lane 77, Nanyang Road, and in the next four months gained 16 pounds. From the United States her husband was sending money and packages, and disheartening news of the chances for her joining him there. Margaret is not one to give up. While she waited she helped American officials locate the wives of servicemen stranded in Shanghai.

**I**N LOS ANGELES, meanwhile, Sgt. Eccles was waging his one-man war against red tape — and losing. He was told that Margaret would not be able to enter the country for two years. He wrote senators and representatives, sent a 500-word telegram to the White House, and even telephoned President Truman.

The red-tape troubles were ended with the ruling that wives of American servicemen overseas need not wait to gain entrance to the United States under the quota system.

March 7, 1946, was a great day for Sgt. Eccles, who by now was wearing a ruptured duck and wondering whether or not to ship over for a fourth cruise. Two things make that a memorable day. First came a cable from Margaret that she was sailing on the transport *General H. H. Scott*, for Seattle. Second was the news that the hated Isamu Ishihara had been convicted. It was too good to be true.

Eccles was waiting when the *General Scott* pulled into Pier 39 on March 20. He was almost lost in a mob of customs and immigration officers and the usual assortment of troops from Fort Lewis, including an Army band. Aboard the transport were several thousand soldiers, an assortment of Chinese officials, nearly 100 civilians, and Margaret. All one could see on the decks were soldiers, with their usual comments about Marines.

As Eccles eagerly searched for his wife the soldiers whistled for a "bellhop," meaning the sergeant with the three hash marks and double row of campaign ribbons. Eccles did not lose his patience. But he almost started a riot when he asked, casually:

"You guys just getting home? Hell, the Marines finished the war seven months ago. Where have you been?"

But he could not see Margaret on the jammed decks.

The ship's officers came ashore, followed by the first of the soldiers, who were returning from occupation duty in China. Eccles had only the cablegram from Margaret and began to fear that she had missed the boat. Other women were on the deck, including several Chinese. But not Margaret. Eccles checked immigration officers on the pier, but they had no list of passengers arriving. He asked if he could go aboard and was told he would have to wait until the troops had debarked. Later he was told all civilians were being held incommunicado until they cleared immigration inspection.

It took three hours for the troops to be debarked and loaded into big truck convoys for the trip to near-by Fort Lewis. About 1600, when the sun was low over the Sound, Margaret came on deck. Once he had seen her, Eccles moved quickly. He cornered the Army officer in charge of the debarkation and the officer listened to his story. With a smile he steered Eccles to the gangplank — and on behind the immigration authorities — and escorted him aboard. Three cruises in the Corps were back of Eccles and by instinct (believe it or not) he stopped to salute the ensign. Then Margaret was in his arms for the first time in four years, four months and four days.

Five minutes later she was called below, where the ship's officers were filling out papers required by Immigration. Eccles returned to the pier to wait. But Sgt. Eccles, who had waited for this day since 1941, did not mind the waiting. Nine and one-half hours after the transport berthed, Margaret came ashore, her papers all in order. She was through customs in a matter of minutes.

Then, arm in arm, Tech. Sgt. Raymond Eccles and his wife of four years, his bride of two days, walked happily to his car.

The war was over.

END



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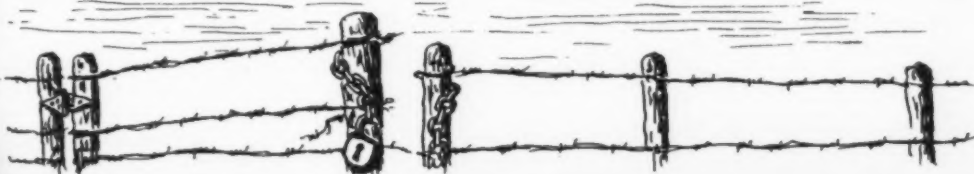
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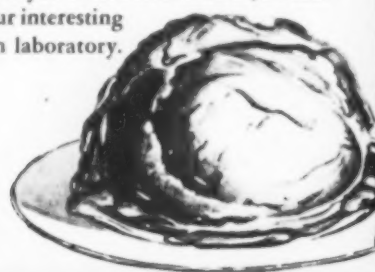


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## WE THE MARINES (continued from page 41)

Willie loved beer and chewing gum — possibly because there was a shortage of both. When the squadron would receive its beer ration, Willie would somehow manage to cadge a few gulps here, a few there. He would invariably end up with quite a glow on. Then he'd go out and forage for gum. He'd shove that sad face of his into a tent and case it. If he thought the pickings were good, he'd lumber swayingly in and seek to focus his tiny, glassy eyes on probable gum hoarding places. He always managed to retain a certain dignity, however.

After searching clumsily through lockers or packs, he'd usually find a piece of gum left there for the purpose. Slowly unwrapping the stick he'd place it in his mouth and thoughtfully chew it. At the same time he would crumple the wrapper into a ball, just like the Marines did, and toss it over his shoulder. This done, he would teeter unsteadily out.

One day an order was posted on the bulletin board that all pets would have to be let loose or destroyed. Immediately everyone thought of the monk. He couldn't very well be set free — he never had been confined. Destroy him? No one would destroy him. That lovable little monk came in for more verbal abuse than anyone or anything else at the base, but destroy him? Never!

As the days wore on Willie became increasingly troublesome. Several fellows complained that Willie had torn up some of their snapshots. More than one person mentioned having had tubes of tooth paste squirted on the deck — one of Willie's favorite pastimes.

Finally, its work done, the squadron prepared to leave the base. The men, naturally, assumed Willie would sensibly return to the trees and forget them.

Two days before the squadron shoved, Willie disappeared. The night before he had been more than usually ructious. He had tied on one of his worst binges. He squawked loud and long when he was made to come down from his perch on the antenna stretching from one tent to another. Later he returned and tore the antenna down and proceeded to steal every piece of gum from one of the tents.

The day before the squadron left, they found Willie. He was lying lifeless in a clump of bushes, his tiny body twisted into grotesqueness. Someone had shot him.

The men tried to tell themselves that Willie deserved the fate. They knew his obvious shortcomings, but maybe he had even gone further and bit someone, or tore up something really valuable.

But no one was convinced.

The men put Willie's body in an empty beer case and placed it in the deep hole that had been used to cool the beer. They thought Willie would have liked that.

## Big Guns Discharged

It was truly an awe-inspiring list of names: MacArthur, Nimitz, Kinkaid. Probably the last time they were mentioned in the same breath was at the signing of the Jap peace treaty aboard the *Missouri*. Yet here they all were at the Cherry Point Marine Air Station. All were awaiting their discharges.

We are referring to Corporal Leonard R. MacArthur, Sergeant Gerald C. Nimitz and Technical Sergeant Arthur J. Kinkaid, Jr. All had served their time in the Marine Corps and were getting out.

Their namesakes, the general and admirals, by the way, are still in the service and show no signs of wanting out at this time.

## Babies, Inc.

Many charges have been leveled, some with good cause, against servicemen in Japan. But there was one of a general nature that the War Department, through Undersecretary of War Kenneth C. Royall, definitely disproved.

The charge which the undersecretary took issue with was contained in a newspaper column. It read:

"There are now in Japan 14,000 children born of GI fathers."

Mr. Royall dryly pointed out at that time that "this is a most remarkable accomplishment inasmuch as the Americans landed there less than eight months ago."

He added that since the normal period of gestation is 280 days, all the babies would have had to be premature, which, he said, certainly is "a rare manifestation of the law of probability."

## Navy Search Ended

The Navy has officially ended its search for the 1666 Marines, sailors and Coast Guardmen still missing in the Pacific. Admiral John H. Towers, Pacific Commander in Chief, has sent word to Washington that searches of all land masses, islands and atolls in the Pacific Ocean, area first by plane, then by shore parties, have been completed.

Searches still are under way in the Netherlands East Indies



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and in Indo-China, but these are being carried on by their respective governments with cooperation of the U.S. Navy representatives assigned to the area. The rolls still include 105 missing Marines.



A "seeing eye" dog guides ex-Marine Clarence Boersma to the altar for his Chicago marriage. Boersma was blinded at Tarawa

### Marine AA-Men, Attention

All former members of Marine and Army AA units are invited by the president of the Coast Artillery Association, Lieutenant General LeRoy Lutes, to join the Coast Artillery Association.

There is no membership charge unless a subscription to the *Coast Artillery Journal* is desired. The charge for this, issued bimonthly, is \$3 annually. Any correspondence relative to the association may be addressed to The Editor, *Coast Artillery Journal*, 631 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

The *Journal* will seek to keep abreast of all the latest information on guided missiles and its future employment in a perimeter rocket defense of the United States. Antiaircraft artillery probably will become intimately involved with the research and development of this weapon in postwar years.

### Fighter Plane Record

A new record for sustained solo flight in a fighter plane was set by Marine Lieutenant Albert J. Bibee of **Coronado, Cal.**, in a test flight over Yokosuka, Japan, in a Corsair 1-D, recently. Bibee kept his plane, a stock job with no extra equipment except the three extra gas tanks prescribed by Navy for long strikes, aloft for 17 hours, five minutes and 25 seconds.

The Marine pilot took off at 10:57 P.M. and climbed over Tokyo Bay toward the Navy airfield at Kiserazu. All night he circled within sight of the Kiserazu field so he could make use of the facilities there in case he was forced down. After day dawned he enlarged his flight area, circling the Tokyo Bay region at

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TURN PAGE

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**BOOKSHOP**

**PAGE 69**

## WE THE MARINES (continued)

varying altitudes. Every half hour he checked with the control tower at Yokosuka and every hour he made estimate readings for the record.

Although he had plenty of food with him, he ate only four hard-boiled eggs and drank a gallon of orange juice during the flight.

Bibee's worst problem was, he said, in trying to stay awake under the hypnotic drone of his powerful engine. He managed this, however, by taking benzedrine and by occasionally sliding back his plexiglas canopy to admit a rush of freezingly cold air.

Holding down to a conservative 148 miles an hour, Bibee consumed 39 gallons each hour instead of the usual 45 to 50. He had 57 gallons still in his tanks from the total of 747, when he landed.

Bibee, 28, served as an enlisted pilot until May, 1943, when he was commissioned. This is his second tour of overseas duty.



He served first at Espiritu Santo, making many trips over Guadalcanal and New Georgia on photographic missions.

A previous attempt at a new world's record was made by Major William G. Voss, a former squadron commanding officer. He was forced down at Yokosuka after nine hours when his motor began playing tricks.

## Veteran Joes

There are, undoubtedly, a few Smiths and Joneses left in the country, but there is a definitely rising tide of upstarts named Kelly, Cohen, Kominski, Schultz, Bradley and even Amato, a check of the Veterans Administration files reveals.

In a recent talk General Omar Bradley, head of the VA, divulged that on his agency's mail room index there are 28,000 Kellys; 17,000 Cohens; 2000 Kominskis; 16,000 Schultzes; 12,000 Bradleys; and 1200 veterans named Amato.

Four men on the lists have the same or similar names to that of the general. Two were Omar Bradley and the others Omer Bradley.

## Award for Services

At a luncheon in Washington's sprawling Pentagon recently Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson and Undersecretary of the Navy John L. Sullivan presented citations to the USO and its constituent agencies for a war job well-done. Then they expressed their gratitude that the work will be carried on through 1947. The need for this, they said, will be even greater.

Said the citation:

"The War and Navy Departments express to the United Services Organizations their appreciation for patriotic service; The United Services Organizations, Incorporated (USO), performed unique and outstanding services during World War II. In coordinating the religious, educational, and welfare services of its seven national member agencies, for the armed forces and for especially critical war production areas, it made a substantial contribution to the successful prosecution of the war and to the strengthening of the basic values of American democracy. It brought to a focus the resources of the amusement industry for the maintenance of the morale of American men and women on every fighting front. Its more than a million civilian men and women volunteers gave a nation-wide demonstration of uniquely effective cooperation."

The member agencies were cited individually. They are USO Camp Shows, Inc., the Young Men's Christian Associations, the National Catholic Community Service, the National Jewish Welfare Board, the Young Women's Christian Associations, the Salvation Army and the National Travelers Aid Association. All were commended for mobilization of their community and national resources.

At the luncheon, Carl Whitmore, national campaign chairman for USO, reported that a nation-wide drive to raise \$19,000,000 has been started. This money, obtained through contributions of the American people, will be used to continue USO work through next year.

END



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"He wasn't very big, reading from  
top to bottom, but from left to  
right he was quite something. . ."





# WALS

## OF HOME

BY CORP. BILL FARRELL  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE big thing about being a reporter is, as everyone knows, that you meet such interesting people, whether you want to or not. We ran into one of these impressive characters just the other day and he had some startling things to tell about.

"Why," he said, "I might as well have been in the front lines, these last few years. It's been so tough around here, I had it just as bad as the servicemen."

Interested, we took another look at him. He wasn't very big, reading from top to bottom, but from left to right he was quite something. He didn't seem to have been wasting away very badly, but then we hadn't known him in the good old days. Maybe he'd then been even more full of sheer majesty.

"Naturally," he said, "there were many hazards in foreign fields, and our gallant boys — heaven bless 'em — did a wonderful job. But do you know that statistics prove more civilians died right here in the United States, and more people were injured than there were casualties in the armed forces?"

We didn't remind him that there were about ten civilians for every serviceman. We wanted to let him talk.

"Besides," he said, "plenty of those war casualties shouldn't have happened. What about that fellow who knew all about booby traps, and dodged plenty of them overseas. But he came home to Kansas City, used a live shell to make a trap just for the fun of it and shot himself in the leg. I don't like to say it, but he used bad judgment, it seems to me.

"And that other soldier, out in Claudel, Kans. He stood around watching somebody use a power lawn mower. Well anybody ought to have better sense than to get near a dangerous machine like that, unless he knows something about it. But this service man, whose knowledge was confined to guns, went too close. Pretty soon the machine picked up an old spoon lying on the lawn, and flung it. Cut his leg pretty badly."

It was interesting to hear this fellow mention bad judgment on the part of fighters, because just lately we'd been reading about a Marine private named Wilson D. Watson, who had stood erect under fire on Iwo Jima and withstood 60 Japanese. We had been thinking of this, with a feeling of humble pride in the guy, and it was informative to get another slant on it. Watson hadn't been thinking much about his own safety, at that — the citation he received with his Medal of Honor referred to this attitude as "above and beyond the call of duty."

The talker went on.

"War conditions overseas are enervating, I understand," he said, "but over there you had one big advantage. You always knew — or should have known — where trouble might be expected. You knew where your enemy was and needed to fear nothing else."

We lost a very good friend in the accidental explosion of some American bombs on New Guinea, but this was not our time for talking. The character continued:

"But here at home you never know what's going to happen. Why, even on the dance floor a man isn't safe. Why, right in McCook, Nebr., a poor little

jitterbug was doing a real fancy step when he missed the floor and fell clear through a window. The fall wasn't far, but it shook him up a lot.

"And as for firearms, there was a man out in Houston, Tex., who went duck hunting. Do you know, after he shot one duck another lunged at him, jarred the gun and got him to shoot himself in the knee? You don't have to go to war to get shot. No sir!"

This seemed understandable.

"Sometimes you can't even get out of bed in the morning without having trouble," said the talker, becoming a little jovial. "A woman in West Hazelton, Pa., jumped up to turn off her alarm clock and threw herself out of joint. Another lady, in Indianapolis, dislocated her neck just by brushing her teeth a little too hard.

"And there was a couple having breakfast in Jacksonville, Fla., when a buzz saw broke loose from a sawmill, cut clean through their house and sawed the table right down the middle in between them. Must have been nerve-wracking."

The talker was smiling broadly now. We were getting tired, but he wasn't.

"In Wilbur, Wash., a guy went out to do some reaping. Well, the spinning rod on his machine grabbed his overalls and whirled him right up into the air. When he landed, he wasn't wearing a thing but his eyeglasses and shoes. His pride was badly injured. Nothing else, though.

"Another guy, in St. Louis, burst into flames when a baseball hit him. It struck a pocket where he had a lot of wooden matches — funniest hotfoot you ever saw."

The talker was laughing heartily and we had to wait for him to continue:

"And you know, civilians act just as dumb as some of those combat men — what's the matter, what are you choking about?"

"It's nothing," we said, "go ahead."

"Well," the talker resumed, "there was this silly woman that tried to repair a washing machine. She took a stick and sawed the end off it, then tried to hammer it onto the machine. Trouble was, it was a stick of dynamite and it blew her clear across the room.

"Some things I can't figure out, though. Can you imagine a man being lucky enough to fall three stories and wind up comfortably seated in an easy chair? Happened in Seattle.

"And in Toledo a woman driver blew a tire right by the railroad track — darn fool. The car skidded onto the tracks, straight in the path of a train, and if it hadn't happened to hit a switch that stopped the train, she could have been annihilated. Just dumb luck."

We nodded thoughtfully.

"Well," said the talker, "I've gotta be shoving off, as you Marines say. Time to get to work."

"Where do you work?" we asked.

"Oh, in that drugstore down the street — can't sell you some aspirin, can I?" he said, laughing.

We looked at the MPs in the booth across the room and kept our hands on the bar.

"No," we said, "but if you've got some arsenic — why don't you take about a pound of it?"

He seemed surprised.

END



JK

# Leatherneck Laffs



"OK, CK, you can have the bottom sack"



"George, it's about time you started using something besides a spoon to eat with"



"No, I just have a weekend"



"Not to New River. No, not that!"



"We ain't supposed to alter our garrison caps, Fordyce"

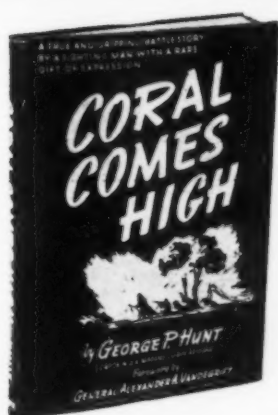


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The following five pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy guide for those interested in good reading.

Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented. This list provides an excellent opportunity for you to secure many hours of entertainment and relaxation.

Order books by number using form on page 69.



## Coral Comes High

by Captain George P. Hunt, USMCR

Robert Sherrod of *TIME* says:

"In 'CORAL COMES HIGH' George Hunt has written the finest thing of its kind to come from World War II. It is an emotional experience which the reader cannot fail to share with the Marines who did the fighting and dying on certain small pieces of Pacific coral."

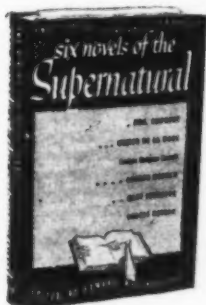
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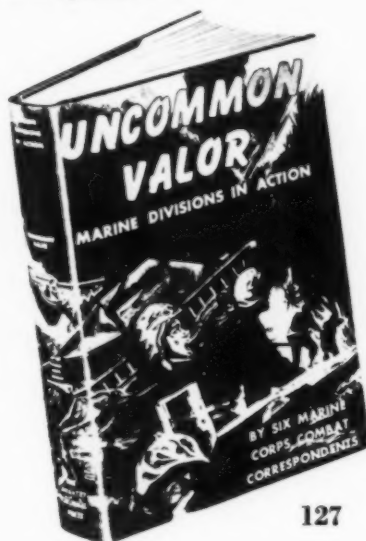
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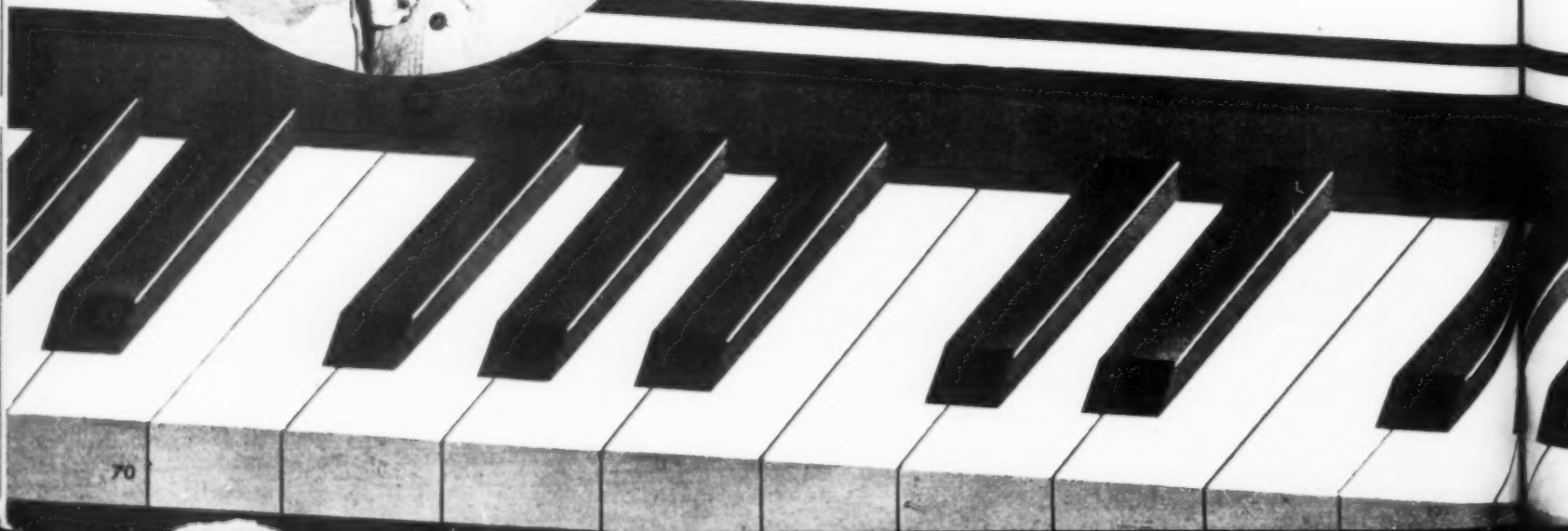


In this sparkling group are Lieutenant L. C. Switzer, Lorraine Yomes, Lieutenant General A. C. Wedemeyer, Army commander, and Dorothy Gaye

Lieutenant Don Edwards and Skinny, his burdensome buddy, sing "Love in Bloom." Accompanying them with the brass is Lieutenant Switzer



In a delightful reminiscence of boot camp, Jeff Griffith meets Truman Thompson (left), his new DI





# Music!

by PFC Rodney D. Voigt  
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

—TIENTSIN

**N**OW hear this! Now dig this:  
From Special Services FMF Pacific,  
we say to all you lucky people who:

Are COG . . .  
Are Overage . . .  
Have 40 points . . .  
Might be fraudulently enlisted . . .  
Or could get a medical survey . . .  
Or will you take a section eight? . . .  
How about a nice lil' ol' dependency discharge? . . .  
To you our congratulations. And to those of us

who still remain overseas — a chaplain's chit, and our show, 'Stand By for Music!'

With that introduction, the all-Marine show that laid them in the aisles all the way from Waikiki to Peitaiho, gets under way.

The show was a fast-paced musical variety package, built around the gripes of the Gyrene who is sitting out the monotonous job of occupation while awaiting discharge. It poked fun at officers, at China, at the food and living conditions, even at the Semper Fidelis traditions and the Marine Hymn. The guys loved it. It was all in fun.

The show had no star, as such, but the character that brought down the house was a lanky, weebegone sad sack who wore misfit Marine issue, needed a shave, dreamed of going home and got kicked around by everybody. Every Marine in the audience saw a little bit of himself in the poor gooney-bird on stage who stumbled around doing his job and figuring and refiguring his four discharge points.

As a morale booster, "Stand By for Music" was the biggest thing to hit the China Theatre. The guys for whom it was written heard some sharp music, whistled at the shapely USO girls touring with the show, got a lot of belly laughs at their own expense and went back to their billets to talk it over.

The show was conceived at Pearl Harbor in November, 1945, by Lieutenant Larry Switzer, who before his Special Services assignment had been a platoon leader on Iwo

Jima. His interest in things musical stemmed from his years as a student at Duke University, where he organized a band that toured most of the South playing dances.

Looking about for talent, Switzer found the Corps loaded with it, and he soon had a band, writers, singers, and actors, most of whom had been professionals before the war interrupted their careers.

Two of the best boys he picked up were PFC Jeff Griffith and PFC Truman Thompson, who collaborated in writing the show. Griffith is a well-known entertainer who, as a civilian, toured the country from San Diego to Broadway with stage shows, worked in radio plays and television shows, played with orchestras and did the arranging for several bands, including Stan Kenton's. In Hollywood he played the title role in "The Drunkard,"

a screw-ball melodrama that's as popular in Southern California as orange trees and sunshine.

Before joining the Corps, Thompson was a leading baritone with the San Francisco Opera Company — an experienced radio actor, and writer.

With such talent lined up, the arduous job of grinding out the book and arranging the musical numbers was begun. Thompson, Griffith, and Switzer worked all day, seven days a week, and a lot of nights, writing and rewriting until finally the show was ready to go.

In the meantime the rest of the cast was being lined up. Men who were needed were transferred from other units to Special Services. The band was built up and rehearsed. Two lovelies were hired away from the Honolulu USO, and by the time the script was finished the show was ready to go into production.

"Stand By for Music" played to some 100,000 servicemen and women on Oahu before Special Services sent it on its Far Eastern tour.

Preparing to play the China Theatre meant a lot more work — rewriting lines to fit the new locale, arranging orders, convincing members of the cast



The scene is cold and grim, so Miss Yomes adds a bit of color



Dorothy Gage teamed with Lieutenant Joe Schabacker in a lively acrobatic dance

Done with hot lead,  
these Marines gave out hot  
licks, and made a hit every  
time they performed

who were eligible for discharge that they ought to stay on with the show.

Shanghai, where they played a week of matinees and evening performances, hailed the show as the best thing ever to hit the sprawling city on the Whangpoo. The Capitol Theater, shabby and down-at-the-heel, as is most of Shanghai these days, was jammed for every performance.

The story was repeated at every town played in North China. Freezing weather and unheated show houses didn't discourage entertainment-starved GIs and their Chinese, Russian, French and British dates.

The North China tour was no picnic for members of the company. Their living accommodations were poor. They missed meals and ate sandwiches on the run. Many of them caught colds. One of the USO girls became seriously ill. Several of the vocalists lost their voices.

There were a lot of laughs, too.

There was the time in Peiping, when a heavy snow had blanketed that lovely old city, and the members of the cast engaged in a snowball fight with the local police garrison to the amazement and delight of Chinese onlookers. Or in Shanghai, where they engaged rickshaws, put the drivers in the seats and pulled them about the streets.

There were the 17 freezing hours they spent in an unheated train traveling the short distance from Tientsin to Peitaiho Beach. They discovered on investigation that the engineer was stopping so long at each little town because he went in to eat, drink tea and get warm. After that discovery they took turns sitting in the engine cab with a .45 caliber pistol to make sure the Chinese engineer didn't do any more stopping.

The show had several high points, though perhaps the best was the screamingly funny satire on Marine recruiting, an unblushing parody on the famous quartet from "Rigoletto." Written by Thompson, it involved a rank-happy second lieutenant who sported a tremendous gold bar on each shoulder, a potbellied gunny sergeant, a square-headed drill instructor complete with swagger stick and Marine Corps manual, and a prospective recruit—a bumpkin in bow tie, loud sport clothes, and bouncing a yo-yo.

The crowd howled its derision at each promise made the recruit by the three Marines.

Sample dialogue:

Lieut.: "My dear fellow, I implore thee, Can't you see that it's your duty? The food you'll get's the best in the land. And the way the people treat you is simply grand.

Oh come my boy, Won't you join the Corps? You will see the world

And you'll get a set of blues. . . . You'll look so handsome.

If you'll sign this dotted line, then you'll be mine, then you'll be mine, then you'll be mine."

Recruit: "Oh, I know I shouldn't oughta, oh I know I shouldn't oughta."

At another point in the dialogue, the recruit protests:

"I've gotta busted back, my feet are flat, my fingers crack, and it's a fact, you really wouldn't want me."

Finally convinced, he agrees:

"If there's nowar, if there's no war,

I think that I will join the Corps."

Inevitably some heckler in the audience calls out, "You'll be sorry!"

The show's dream sequence was equally funny. "Sad Sack" Jeff Griffith strips down to his unlaundered GI winter underwear and climbs into a beat-up sack. Soon he is twisting and tossing in the clutches of a nightmare which evolved into a series of black-outs eventually showing his dreams of home, Stateside women and Stateside liquor. The action is pantomimed, while the orchestra and a narrator fill in the gaps.

But the show-stopper was USO

gal Lorraine Yomes, Hawaiian-born tunestress, who glided onto the stage in a revealing gown and swung into a torchy number, "I'm an Evil Gal." Prolonged applause, whistles and foot-stamping would bring her out for an encore, usually the sultry, "Why Don't You Do Right?"

The audience always wanted more, but if it had its collective way the whole show would be Yomes. So the band would swing quickly into the next number and cut short the yelling and whistling.

A variety of side-acts and musical numbers rounded out the program. Lieutenant Joe Schabacker, CO of the "Stand By for Music" company, for instance, performed a combination adagio and acrobatic dance routine with Miss Dorothy Gaye, of Los Angeles, the other USO gal. Schabacker was intercollegiate and AAU gymnastic champion while an undergraduate at Temple University, and was officer in charge with the "Merry Men of the Marines."

Another officer-entertainer with the show was Lieutenant Don Edwards, who handled a ventriloquist routine. Edwards ad libbed so fluently that his act changed from night to night, and even the band never knew what he was going to say. The funniest part of his act was the ribbing he took from the dummy, "Skinny," about moving his lips.

The two featured vocalists with the show, other than Miss Yomes, were Thompson and Lieutenant Keith Parker. Parker, a Special Services officer, sang a special arrangement of "Home For A Little While," encored with a novelty tune, "Honey," and later in the show lead the orchestra in a version of "My Mom." He was well-known in civilian life as a member of Les Brown's band. He plays trombone. He is better known as a back on the 1943 Purdue football team. Last year he played with the FMFPAC all-star football team.

Thompson sang "The Old Bald Mate of Henry Morgan," and his own musical version of the poem, "The Rich Man."

The backbone of "Stand By for Music" was the 24-piece band. It not only played the music for the vocal numbers and handled its own feature spots on the program, but set mood and established continuity by background music throughout the show. Most of the players are professionals, and many of them are big time in civilian life. All arrangements for the show were original, worked out by Jeff Griffith, PFC Johnny Hungerford and Technical Sergeant Larry Martin.

PFC Johnny Norton, who handled the sweet alto sax, appeared with several hot jazz-combos as a civilian and was included in the Johnny Johnson stage show in New York, where he worked with Leo Reisman's band.

All the "ride" sax parts were handled by PFC Phil Viscuglia, who also doubles on clarinet. Only 19 years old, he's been playing big-time jazz since he was 17 when he sat with Georgie Aulda on the West Coast. He's been attracting attention for his musical ideas and fine tenor work.

PFC Bill Pearce, another brass section man, handled "lead" and "ride" trombone. Before entering the Corps, Bill worked with studio bands in Philadelphia, and with a unique four-piece, all-brass combo. His improvisations are highly original and his fellow players swear he never repeats.



War or peace, there's always a needle. Miss Gaye submits, while Griffith, Miss Yomes and publicist Bob Russell wait

PFC Pat Mulvanity, another man in the orchestra with long professional experience, handled the hot licks on the traps. Mulvanity was drummer with several big name bands and had just finished a three-year stretch with Johnny Long when he entered the Corps.

PFC Hall Budd, the guitarist, is at his best in small, "hot" outfits and has done most of his professional work in recording studios. He sat in on the famous Charlie Spivak recording of "White Christmas," and can be heard in a lot of other Spivak records.

Ed Baseman, Bill Hoelscher and Bill Prescott, all PFCs, were other important components of the band. Baseman was in the trumpet section, and played swing on a French horn. Hoelscher and Prescott comprised the violin section, and Hoelscher doubled in brass when they needed six trumpets in the big arrangements.

The band was Stan Kentonish in style, a not surprising fact in view of Arranger Jeff Griffith's work with the Kenton orchestra.

Between performances it broke down into five- and six-piece combos to play for dances at Red Cross and enlisted men's clubs, or to broadcast over Armed Forces Radio Service stations.

The four-man stage crew—Sergeant Jim Applegate, PFC George Martin, PFC Albert Blank and PFC Robert Putnam—rounded out the company. They handled the six mikes, 20 spotlights, the risers and other gear employed in presenting the show.

With such a setup, and with the lines written about the very things with which overseas GIs are most concerned—the discharge system, officers, chow, women—the show was bound to be a hit. It was.

"You're a downtrodden lad  
And will you be glad  
When the order comes in to relieve you,  
And you're out on the foam  
Heading straight on toward home  
To become a civilian commando."

When the Joe in the audience heard those lines, he knew the show was written for him. He was sure of it when he heard:

"Well, you come into Pearl,  
Sight in on a girl,  
And think what a beautiful country.  
But you're due for a start,  
For that girl is a part  
Of what's known as officers' country."

By this time the audience, including the officers, was usually howling, although the show would be just getting under way.

The song continues:  
"You give up in disgust  
And go on a bust;  
Things are going from worse to much

worse,  
When along comes a lieut.  
Who calls you a boot,  
And all you can say is just 'yessir'."

Practically nothing connected with the Corps escaped the sharp humor of writers Griffith and Thompson. The recruiting officer waves a flag in front of the recruit's nose and makes lavish promises. The officers wear oversize bars and polish them well and often. The band plays a few bars of the Marine hymn and the Sad Sack groans "My God! Not that," and staggers off the stage. The chain of command comes in for a ribbing when the giddy young second lieutenant tells the gunny, "Carry on!" the gunny relays the command to the DI; the DI relays it to the boot, who looks sadly at the audience and sighs: "Semper Fi."

Some of the lines were rewritten before the show was taken to China. The "Jingle Bells" number in Hawaii, for instance, went:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, oh so far away,  
I'd rather have a sleigh ride than a Honolulu Lei."

For China it became:

"The only sleigh ride that we want is a ride to the USA."

Members of the cast had hoped to take the show on a Stateside tour, where they believed it would meet the success "This Is the Army," and "Winged Victory," found.

If you weren't in the China Theatre when the came through, you won't get a chance to see them as a company. But you will see them and hear from them, individually, from Broadway to Hollywood, from Miami to Seattle. For demobilization and the lowering of the point discharge system made most of the cast eligible for discharge.

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"Gild"





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**RITA HAYWORTH**

Rita was working on her latest movie, "Gilda," when this photograph was taken



*Always milder*  
*Better tasting*  
*Cooler smoking*

ALL THE BENEFITS OF  
SMOKING PLEASURE

**A** *lways* **B** *uy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

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